

A New Storm

by Garuda1178

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Summary: An ODSST finds himself at Youkai Academy. How will he survive the transition? Will the school survive his arrival? MizoreXOC (Cover art by: counterfox)

1. Chapter 1

****Author's Note:** So now I'm going to write my Halo-Rosario cross. The only other one I've seen is written in Spanish. So it's almost an untapped area. Very soon I will be posting the first chapter of my LOTR story. And don't worry I will still be updating The Rising Storm. This takes place at the end of Reach, and the episode where we meet Mizore, so onto the story. ******

'I did it, its over.' thought a man. Corporal Andrew Sampson was lying up against one of the buildings that had dotted the landscape leading up to the breaking yards. Noble Six had wanted to stay behind and man the rail gun but Andrew shot that idea down quickly. So he had stayed and killed the covenant cruiser that was barreling down on them. The Autumn had escaped with Six, Chief and Colonel Mateo; and Andrew was happy. His lifetime kill counter hovered at exactly 99. 'Damn, just one more kill and I would have hit 100' he thought. He was sitting in a sea of bodies, all of them covenant. But the kills hadn't come cheaply. An energy sword had pierced his side; a plasma blast had hit him in the chest and he still had some unexploded needles in him.

Corporal Sampson had barely joined the UNSC Marines 3 years ago and this was his first mission as an ODSST. He had dropped in 'feet first into hell' when the first Covenant ship had appeared in orbit of Reach. He fought with his fellow soldiers at many of the battles; he even got to fight with some Spartans and the Legendary Marcus Mateo. He fought with the Spartans Noble Six and Emile and the fellow ODSST Marcus Mateo, at the breaking yards that held the Halcyon-Class Cruiser Pillar of Autumn. Noble Six had volunteered to stay when Emile was killed by the Elite, but Andrew knew that they were going

to need every Spartan in the fight and took his place. He fought hard and destroyed the Covenant Cruiser that was coming to attack the Pillar of Autumn, allowing it to escape with its precious cargo. He found himself outnumbered, outgunned and out of options. So he fought with all his might.

He knew he was going to die on Reach, but he was going to sell his life at the highest price possible. He checked his ammo and started to rise when he heard a noise. Looking up he saw the bulbous shape of a phantom heading right for him. 'I don't have the firepower to take that down' he thought watching it approach. Then he remembered the rugby sized device on his back. His lips split in an evil grin as more covenant arrived. He pulled the FURY tactical Nuke from his back and primed it. He looked at the covenant forces arrayed against him and smiled. "See you Mother Fuckers in Hell." he said slamming his hand down on the activation switch. His world went white then black and he knew no more.

A girl sat by herself in a section of a dead forest. She had blue hair, blue eyes and had a lollypop in her mouth. She wore a blue and white sweater pulled down on her shoulders and a green skirt. She was alone and crying. Mizore Shriayuki was 15 years old and was a student at Youkai Academy, the same school where a certain someone also attended. Tsukune Aono had just utterly rejected her and she was depressed beyond words. She had been sitting, after her rejection, for some time before a brilliant flash of white light drew her out. She cautiously moved to the edge of the forest and stopped when she saw what had caused the light. She could honestly say she was not expecting what she found. She saw what looked like a man in black armor lying in the middle of a scorched and burned area. But before she could go and get a better look at this new arrival she felt a presence behind her. She found herself face to face with the Physical Education Teacher Okuto Kotsubo and she shivered. He smiled down at her. "I knew I was going to find you here. You always come here when you're sad." he said. She shivered again, though subconsciously. "Come on, you were so ready to throw yourself at me then. You shouldn't care what I do to you now." he said, a sadistic grin crossing his face. His lower half and arms transformed into tentacles and he moved towards Mizore. She did the only thing she could think of; she screamed.

When Andrew heard the girl scream he opened his eyes and took in his surroundings. 'Am I dead?' he asked himself. The throbbing of his injuries gave him his answer. 'Nope, still kicking, though after that nuke I should be dead, at least I won't die from my wounds.' he thought to himself. He then heard the girl scream again. He slowly sat up and turned to where the screaming came from. What he saw chilled him to the bone. Some kind of tentacle monster was attacking a girl about 15 years of age. He couldn't help but smirk at the irony of it all. Then the smirk left his face as he returned to a combat mindset. He stood and turned to the pair. "Hey Squidbilly! Why don't play with someone your own size?" he yelled.

The pair turned to him and stared. Mizore was shocked that he was up and actively defending her. Okuto dumped Mizore unceremoniously on the ground and moved toward this new person. He wrapped him in his tentacles and pulled him up to face level with him. "Trying to be a hero eh? Well I'll make sure to squeeze the life out of you before I return to what I was doing." he said. Andrew nodded his head as he felt the tentacles start to squish him. "I'm sure you will but one

thing first." he said. He pulled out a glowing blue ball and slammed it up against Okuto's head and it stuck there. Okuto dropped the ODS and tried to pull it off as it started glowing brighter, and made a high pitched whine. "See you in hell Covi Mother Fucker." Andrew said as he hit the ground and rolled away from the struggling thing.

The plasma grenade exploded and vaporized the top third of the monsters body. What was left slowly fell to the ground in a heap. Andrew stood and walked over to the body. "I love the smell of cooked Calamari in the morning." he said. 'Well this is no species of Covenant that I'm familiar with, but then again no one said that they only had the species we've fought.' he thought. He then turned back to where he had woken up and walked toward it. He crouched down to see if anything was there that he could salvage. He managed to find his SMG and a few mags for it, and what looked like an Elite energy sword handle. He strapped the hilt onto himself and gathered the SMG and ammo.

He straightened and walked toward the girl. He wasn't surprised when she backed away from him, considering what she had just witnessed. He depolarized his helmet to show her his face when he neared her. "It's ok, I'm here to help. You don't have to be afraid." he said in a soothing tone. He was not prepared when her eyes teared up and she threw herself at him, hooking her arms around his neck. He stood dumbfounded for a moment then put his arms around her. They sat for a moment, then he gently pushed her away so he could look in her eyes, his helmet still depolarized. "Come on, we've got to get out of here before more Covenant show up." he said.

Mizore had no idea what the Covenant was but she nodded anyway. Andrew got to his feet and helped her to hers. "I'm Andrew, what's your name?" he asked. "Mizore." she replied. "Mizore, do you know where we can hide out for awhile?" he asked. She nodded and he motioned for her to lead the way. She stepped forward and Andrew followed with his SMG in a ready position. They soon arrived at a cliff side where Andrew finally felt his wounds catch up with him. Mizore looked at him in concern "Stay here, I have some things that will help you." she said. Before Andrew could protest Mizore vanished into the brush.

Back at the Academy, Tsukune, Moka, Kurumu, and Yukari were talking with Ms. Nekonome. "But Ms. Nekonome, Mizore couldn't have been responsible for it." Tsukune said. They were trying to convince Ms. Nekonome that Mizore hadn't killed Okuto. When they had been informed that the destroyed body of Okuto had been found everyone had instantly pinned it on Mizore. The Newspaper Club had adamantly opposed this though they were eventually overruled. A general order went out to capture Mizore and the Newspaper Club was conscripted. Moka thought that they should try Mizore's room to see if she was there.

They left Ms. Nekonome's office and made their way to the female dormitories. They were close when they saw a certain purple haired girl quickly leaving the dormitories and entering the brush with several items in her arms. They decided to follow her to see where she went and to bring her in.

Andrew was sitting on a rock waiting for Mizore when his motion tracker started going off. It showed one person a ways in front of a group of four others. He didn't know who was in the group but he had

a pretty good impression on who was in the lead. He grabbed his SMG, though it still pained him, got down behind the rock and waited. A minute later, Mizore exited the brush and looked around for Andrew when she heard his voice. "MIZORE, DOWN!" he yelled jumping out of cover and leveling his SMG at the underbrush. After seeing him kill Okuto she quickly dropped to the ground, still clutching the items. As soon as she was out of his line of fire he opened up.

The Newspaper club had followed Mizore from the dormitories into the forest for some time. They all wondered why she was heading to the cliffs with the items in her arms. Then, all hell broke loose. They heard a voice call out 'MIZORE, DOWN!' then the forest exploded around them. They all managed to get behind thick trees and wait out the barrage. When it finished they all rushed forward to find out what had attacked them.

They saw Mizore starting to stand and a man in black armor standing behind a rock pointing what could only be described as a gun at them. The man vaulted over the rock, ran to Mizore's side, helped her up and stood in front of her in a protective stance. He quickly retreated with Mizore behind the rock and took cover. The four friends could only stand in shock at what they saw. "Who are you?" asked Yukari. "I don't talk to covenant bastards!" the man called back. He accented his words with a burst from his SMG. Yukari stood dumbfounded, 'What was the covenant, and did he call her a bastard?' she asked herself as she dove for cover. The others of the group also dove for cover. "Hey! That's not a nice thing to say to a kid." called out Moka. "Shut the fuck up Harpy! I know all about your plans to infiltrate the UNSC lines you damn covenant fuckers! You and your damned shape shifting!" Andrew yelled back.

On Moka's Rosary a red eye with a slit appeared on the jewel. '_Have Tsukune remove the rosary so I can show that pomp ass his place!_' Inner Moka yelled. Outer Moka could only sit behind her cover in shock. No one had ever talked to her like that, even when she was attending human schools. Tsukune heard what the man said and fumed. He rushed over to Moka and ripped the rosary off her chest. The air grew heavy and the sky darkened as Inner Moka took over from Outer Moka. Andrew sneaked a look over his cover and grimaced, the girl with the pink hair had changed. Her pink hair had turned silver and her eyes had gone red with slits like a cat. Other aspects of her body also changed adding a fierce beauty to her.

She laid her eyes on Andrew and he shivered. He'd seen that look before, in every single Covenant species eyes. "You have insulted me and my friends, this cannot be allowed!" she yelled as she leapt forward. Seeing they only had seconds to move, Andrew shoved Mizore out of the way and threw himself away as well. Inner Moka executed her signature kick and pulverized the rock. She turned her gaze to the ODS as he stood with Mizore. "I'm impressed, most would have been hit by my attack." she said calmly. "You don't live through what I have without learning a few things." Andrew retorted.

He turned to Mizore "Go, I'll hold them off." he said. She shook her head "No, I don't want to lose you." she said. "GO!" Andrew yelled and turned back to Moka leveling his SMG and firing. Mizore took another look at Andrew and ran for the woods, stopping when she arrived at a large tree and turning to look back. Andrew was in bad straights, his wounds were slowing him down while nothing of the sort was affecting his opponent. He'd managed to get off another burst

when the blue haired one literally flew at him and sliced the SMG into pieces with her finger nails. She landed next to Moka and gave a nod to the other woman. Andrew's motion tracker then told him that something was coming at him from behind and he dropped to the ground as a golden wash basin flew over his head. He then turned his head and saw the little one with a star shaped stick in her hand and waving it around as if she was controlling the wash basin.

Which Yukari was, she was using it to give her friends cover while they dealt with Andrew. He leapt back to his feet and drew the energy sword from his hip and sliced the basin in half. Inner Moka stood and cocked an eyebrow in surprise. "Your cheap parlor tricks won't work on me Covenant witch." he said to Yukari. "Then try this on for size!" yelled Kurumu. She flew at him claws extended and sliced across his face before he could bring his sword up to defend himself. He pulled off the now ruined helmet and threw it to the ground and surprised everyone even Inner Moka. He wasn't much older than they were, though he had some nasty scars on his face including four new ones from Kurumu. He had piercing green eyes and chestnut hair that was close cropped to his head. "You're good, for a Covenant fucker." he said to Kurumu who flushed. "I don't know what this Covenant is but I think it's time for youâ€¦| TO LEARN YOUR PLACE!" yelled Inner Moka as she brought her leg up to kick Andrew. He was too slow after the attack from Kurumu and his previous injuries to even attempt to dodge the attack.

Moka's attack caught him squarely in the chest and sickening cracks could be heard as he flew into the tree Mizore was hiding behind. 'Damn, shattered rib cage, punctured lung, ruptured spleen, busted stomach, and at least six cracked vertebrae.' he thought. Everyone was surprised when they heard the cracks come from Andrew. Inner Moka was the most surprised, as she had never heard that many cracks from any of her other victims. Mizore rushed out with a scream and threw herself in front of him and changing her hands to ice claws. "Please stop!" she cried through tears. "He was only doing that to protect me!" she screamed. She started when she felt a hand on her shoulder. She turned and saw Andrew start to stand. "Unfortunately, I do know my place." he said coughing up blood. He looked into Moka's eyes "It's between you and her." he said as he stepped in front of Mizore.

As he took another step he fell to one knee and coughed up more blood. He then fell fully to the ground and Mizore fell on top of him. She rolled him over so that he was on his back. He looked up at her and gave her a sad smile. "Sorry I couldn't protect you." he said. "No, no, no you did fine just stay with me." she said back. He gave her an even sadder smile as he closed his eyes. Mizore sat there for a moment then looked at the gathered group. They all recoiled, except Moka, from her gaze. "If he dies I'll kill you all." she said simply.

****Author's Note:** Finally, I got this damn chapter up. To those of you who haven't figured it out yet this is a small off shoot from my Halo-Star Wars cross. Ok so Andrew is 18, he joined the UNSC at 15 when his planet was glassed by the Covenant. I know that's young but he was adamant and they relented because the UNSC needed as many personnel as they could get their hands on. I'm not quite sure I handled the fight between the girls and Andrew correctly, though it is 12:12 am when I finished this and I just want to get it up. So yeah, I'm going to alternate between this story and my other one. So

expect an update to The Rising Storm next. Review as you see fit.**

2. Chapter 2

****Author's Note:** Ok so my latest chapter for The Rising Storm is up so go check that out. Now my goal is to get this chapter out before Christmas as a present for you people. I'm going to take a leaf out of Underworld's book. True vampires can watch the memories and experiences of the people that they suck blood from. Since outer Moka isn't her true self, she hasn't experienced that with Tsukune. Inner Moka would be able to do this because she is the true self. Let's get started then.**

Andrew stood in his ODS armor in a stark white room. He had no memory of how he got there or why he was there. Suddenly one wall came to life and he began to watch his life play out. He watched himself grow up and play with his friends. Everything he had done in his childhood, the good, and the bad. The promise to be with his childhood sweetheart to the end of time. He watched again as his family was cut down before him by the Covenant before the transport lifted off. He watched as the transport that was carrying his childhood sweetheart get blown out of the sky by a Covenant cruiser. Then watched them glass his planet again, and his sadness and despair turn into hatred and anger. Him joining the UNSC and his training, his revenge turning into a need to protect others from what he had endured, and his first missions against the Covenant.

He finally understood what was happening, he was dead and he was being judged. Eventually it culminated in his defiance of the Covenant and his activation of the FURY TACNUKE. Him waking and helping the girl, Mizore, and his fight with the other girls and the guy. Then the kick the silver haired girl hit him with, the one that killed him.

The wall turned back to its original stark white and he waited. Eventually, a seam appeared on one of the walls and a door opened. He turned to the sound of the door and went to attention. In walked the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Pure swan wings protruded from her back and a golden halo floated above her head. She walked up to him and not knowing what to do he fell back on his military training. He saluted her then remembered something Marines used to say back during Earth's Second World War. "Another Marine reporting for duty ma'am, I've served my time in Hell." he said with a straight face. She stopped right in front of him "At ease Corporal." she said. Her voice sounded like thousands of song birds were singing together. He dropped the salute and went to parade rest.

She put her hand on his shoulder "You have been through so much at such a young age. You truly are a strong willed and selfless man Andrew." she said. A look of sadness crossed her eyes "But you're not done yet." she said. He stood there for a moment "What do you mean, I'm not done yet?" he asked. She gently pulled him to the same wall that had shown him his life. The wall rippled and he was looking at his body with Mizore crouched over it. He also saw all the others and a man in white robes with a cross on his chest. His mouth was moving, so Andrew assumed that he was talking to the girls. "It truly pains me to say that you still have obligations on Earth. Believe me, when I say you have more than earned your place here, but someone down

there still needs you." she continued. Andrew could hear the sadness and the regret coming from her voice, so he knew that she was telling the truth. He then watched as the silver haired woman came over to his body and bit into it. He felt the pain in his neck and began to feel light headed. The angel caught him as he started to fall and gently laid him down on the floor. Andrew was slowly losing consciousness but he fought through to ask one question. "What happened after I left Reach?" he asked. The angel looked down on him and smiled "Because of your sacrifice, the UNSC was able to end the war. Your time and friends are safe." she said. He nodded and closed his eyes.

Sanaron watched as Andrew slowly disappeared from the room. She stood and walked out of the room. She knew He wouldn't be happy she had told Andrew how his own time had turned out, but she felt confident He would understand her reasons. She felt so horrible, denying him his place in heaven, even if it was to help others. She turned back to the room and closed the door. The next time Andrew was there, it would be when he was to join them.

Andrew slowly opened his eyes and looked at a white ceiling. For just a moment, he thought he was still in the Judgment room. But turning his head he saw that he was in a hospital of some kind. His chest felt numb for some reason so he looked down. Mizore was asleep with her head on her hands and her hands on his chest. Knowing the pain he was supposed to be in he, welcomed the numbing effect she had. He tried to move his legs but pain shot through him and he let out a groan of pain before he could stop it. Mizore stirred and looked into his eyes, tears of joy flowed from them and she pulled him into an embrace. He grunted in pain as he was pulled in but as she pushed her body up against his the numbing effect spread. "I thought I lost you." she said softly. He chuckled which turned into a grimace when the pain hit him. "You'll find I'm not that easy to kill." he said.

She looked back up at him and smiled. "How long?" he asked. "Seven days." she replied. He leaned back into the pillows and let out a gust of air. He then became aware of his stomach grumbling loudly. 'The last time I ate was at least nine days ago.' he thought. Mizore looked at him when she heard his stomach yelling that it wanted fed and giggled. Andrew smiled sheepishly and shrugged. "I'll be right back." she said. She got up and left the room, when she did the numbing effect left his body and he could feel how sore he really was. He gritted his teeth and waited for Mizore to return.

When she did so she had a tray and the other girls and the boy from before accompanied her. He tensed for a moment, but then he realized A) they could have killed him any time they wanted and B) there was nothing he could do about it anyway. He gratefully and eagerly accepted the tray of food and began wolfing it down (Major Pain style). When he finished they all looked at him weirdly. Then he noticed something, the pink haired girl wasn't with them. "Where's pinky?" he asked. They all looked in confusion at him "You mean Moka?" asked the brown haired boy. Andrew nodded. "She's outside." said boobs. Andrew looked at her and the name was the perfect match for her. Besides the blue hair, the other most noticeable feature was her incredible bust. If he had to guess, they were at least the size of his head or small watermelons.

The brown haired boy looked at her then looked back at Andrew. "I

think introductions are in order." he said. "She's Kurumu, she's Yukari, you already met Mizore, I'm Tsukune, and Moka is outside." he said pointing to each of them in turn. "I'm a succubus." Kurumu said. "I'm a witch." Yukari said. "I'm a Yuki-onna." Mizore said. "Moka's a vampire." Tsukune finished. Andrew raised his eyebrow at what they all said and how Tsukune conveniently left out what monster he was. "I'm going to go out on a limb here and say that you all are a type of creature." Andrew said slowly. Kurumu perked up "Yep." she said. Andrew looked at Tsukune and saw him shift uncomfortably, though it was such a small gesture that he almost missed it. "So what happened when I died." Andrew said leaning back onto his pillows. They all looked at each other, then back at him. "It's kinda a long story." said Tsukune. Andrew clasped his hands behind his head "I'm not planning on going anywhere." he said.

__**One week ago**__

Andrew had just fallen into a pool of his own blood. Mizore was crying and turned to the group of friends "If he dies, I'll kill you all." she said through the tears. Inner Moka smirked "He'll be fine, I didn't hit him that hard." she said. "Against a monster, no you didn't hit him that hard and he would be fine." said a voice that made all of them jump. Turning to face the voice they all gasped. "Headmaster!" they all cried. His face was grim "However, against a human, a kick like that would prove fatal." he continued.

Realization dawned on all of them. Moka froze and turned back to the prone figure with the ice woman over him. She couldn't fathom the fact that she had killed someone, let alone a human. She had managed to avoid killing, settling for knocking them out. "If you don't want to incur the wrath of the ice woman, you are going to have to save him. You know how Moka." he said. She nodded gravely and started walking toward the two prone figures. Mizore stood quickly and crouched into a fighting stance but Moka waved her off "If you want him to live you'll get out of my way." she said. She was still shaken up but her façade was back in force. She stooped over him and sank her teeth into his neck and began to inject her blood into him.

An explosion of images, emotions, and sensations assaulted her mind. She watched him make his promise and grow into a young man. She then watched in horror as his family was cut down in front of him, then later the ship that carried the girl he had made the promise to, be destroyed. Then everything that had happened to him and he had done for three years. All the blood, death, and destruction that the aliens caused. Then his selfless sacrifice at Reach, and his appearance before Mizore. How he had protected her and killed Okuto. Then his fight with her and his final thoughts.

She could no longer stand seeing these memories and pulled away from him. She wiped her mouth and stumbled away, slumping up against a tree. Her brain was still trying to make sense of what she had witnessed when she felt a presence behind her. Tsukune had come over with a worried expression on his face. "Moka?" he asked. Her façade had been completely shattered by what she had seen and a single tear glinted on her face. Tsukune was shocked to say the least. Inner Moka never showed any other emotion besides anger and pridefulness. She slowly stood and pulled him into an embrace and buried her face in his chest. "Don't ever leave me Tsukune." she said softly trying to hold back more tears. Tsukune was utterly dumbfounded; he had never

seen her act this way, ever. "What happened?" he asked but Moka could only shake her head.

They carried Andrew to the infirmary and laid him down on one of the beds. Mizore refused to leave his side the entire week that he was unconscious. So she stayed in the infirmary, sleeping there, eating there and only leaving to use the restroom. Then he had woken up.

**Present Day**

Outer Moka still had no idea what had caused Inner Moka to break like she did but it terrified her. Inner Moka was always the strong one, always winning the fights that they got into and she was broken by what she had seen in Andrew's memories. She was utterly terrified of Andrew if he could do that to Inner Moka. She was also terrified of his reaction to her if she entered his room. After all she was the one who had put him there in the first place. "**I need to talk to him.**" Inner Moka said. Outer Moka nodded and entered the infirmary.

Tsukune turned when he heard the door to the infirmary open "Moka, I was wondering when you'dâ€¦" he started. "**She **needs to talk to him, alone." she said, interrupting Tsukune. Tsukune was stunned for a moment then looked at Andrew. "I'll be fine." he said nodding. Mizore tried to protest but Andrew silenced her with a look. They all left and as Tsukune did he pulled off the rosary around Moka's neck.

The room shook with her transformation and the sky darkened. Inner Moka stood where Outer Moka had just moments before. She looked at Andrew and he looked at her. "Normally I would thank you for saving my life, however seeing as you put me here in the first place, I think I'll skip it." he said. He didn't say it cruelly he was just recounting the facts. Normally she would have snapped back with a cutting remark but she remained silent. She walked up to the window and placed her hands on the window sill. He watched her cross the room and noticed that when she stopped at the window sill, she was shaking. "**How do you do it**?" she asked a tremor in her voice. "Do what?" he asked back, raising an eyebrow. She turned to face him "**How do you live with the pain**?" she asked, clarifying herself. Andrew was suddenly suspicious "What are you talking about?" he asked coolly. Moka hung her head "**I've seen your memories. We vampires are able to see and experience everything that a person has experienced by drinking their blood. When I injected you with my blood**â€¦" she shuddered, all the images starting to come back.

Andrew nodded "To answer your question, you pray that their sacrifice was not in vain and you take solace in the fact that they are in a better place. You also take heart in the fact that one more day you fight, means that everyone else has one more day to get to safety." he said. Moka could only look at him "**We vampires are a proud race. We are born knowing that we are the strongest people in the world, and you have humbled me**." she said. "**Everything you have done, you've done it for others. Never once asking for reward or recognition. You have fought creatures that would put some S-class monsters to shame. You have earned my respect, Andrew, and please accept my most humble apologies**." she said. She stepped over to the door and left, the room grew lighter and Andrew assumed that Moka had

sealed herself again. 'I'm going to have some explaining to do.' he thought 'But for now I'm going to sleep.' he laid his head on his pillows and instantly fell asleep.

Back at the cliff a four fingered hand slammed down and clenched the dirt.

** Author's Note: I'm probably going to get some flames from the Moka fans out there, but hear me out. In all reality, how would you react if you got a glimpse into someone's mind and you had no context for what you were seeing? You would probably act just like Moka. Another thing Moka has never killed before, so that wouldn't bother her so much. But the sheer amount of killing and the complete disregard for noncombatants would probably upset even a vampire. Now what she saw was only the last three years of the war. Imagine if she had gotten her hands on someone who had lived through all 27 years of the war. Now add on top of that if she had gotten her hands on someone like Chief. I'm just saying before you kill me, give it some thought. Anyway, I got this out before Christmas so I'm happy. Maybe I'll get a new chapter for The Rising Storm up before Christmas as well. Review as you see fit. **

3. Chapter 3

**Author's Note: Ok so the latest chapter for The Rising Storm is up so go check that out. I'm going to see if I can get this out before Christmas as well. Here's hopping. **

Moka: -stomps down a corridor absolutely furious, rips the door off of its hinges and storms in-

**Garuda1178: -looks up from the holographic table where he was conferring with his generals- **

M: -glares at him, he's wearing the dress uniform of the Sky Marshal from Starship Troopers- WHAT THE HELL?!

G1178: -he nods to his generals and they leave- Can I help you?

M: YOU MADE ME OUT LIKE A WEAKLING!

G1178: Ah, that "walks out from behind the table to stand in front of her- I believe it was a proper reaction.

M: LIKE HELL IT WAS!

G1178: -rubs his ear- You know you don't have to shout.

M: I'M ORDERING YOU TO GO BACK AND FIX IT!

G1178: Really? Before you go about ordering me to do anything read this. "Hands her a data pad-

M: -yanks it out of his hand and starts reading, her eyes widening in shock and horror-

G1178: And that's only Colonel Mateo's story, switch to the next page.

****M:** -does so, and reads. Slowly makes her way to a corner and crouches down a dark cloud of misery hovering over her-******

****G1178:** -walks over and picks up the data pad- History of Spartan-117. "read the title"-******

****Aide:** -walks in and over to him, looking at the silver haired girl in the corner- Will she be alright sir?******

****G1178:** -nods- She'll be fine, she just needed to learn her place.

******-him and the aide chuckle-******

******(If you're having trouble picturing what is going on with Moka, just imagine when Crona shows his 'poetry' to Maka from soul eater)******

Even with Moka's blood coursing through him, it still took a good two more weeks for Andrew's wounds to fully heal. Mizore was the only one he would allow to enter his room. Every time she did, he could feel a weight be lifted off of his shoulders. It also helped that since she was a Yuki-onna she could numb the pain in his body. In reality, Mizore hardly left his side at all. She only showed up to class enough so that she wouldn't be expelled. Outwardly, Andrew was slightly put off as to why she would want to spend so much time with him but every time he would ask she would say 'I can and will'. Secretly, Andrew was glad she decided to spend so much time with him, it made it much easier to keep track of her.

Today was the day that he would finally get out of the damn infirmary, and meet this Headmaster of theirs. With Mizore at his side, he swung his legs out from the side of the bed. He gingerly set his feet on the cold floor of the hospital and tried to stand. Without Mizore's help he would have ended up on the floor. "Thanks." he said. She blushed slightly and helped him stand straight. "Is there someplace I can get some clothes? I don't exactly want to be in hospital fatigues when I meet your Headmaster." he said. She nodded and led him to a chair where the uniform of the school rested.

Grabbing the hospital fatigue, he pulled it off and stood completely oblivious to the fact he was naked. Mizore let out an 'eep' and quickly turned away, her face beet red. He looked at her with a slight look of confusion then looked down at himself. 'Oh FUCK! With everything being co-gender in the UNSC, I forgot civilians are different.' he thought, scolding himself for forgetting. He quickly dressed "I'm decent." he said. She slowly turned around to look at him. He had donned the uniform immaculately, a testimony to his years in the UNSC, though green didn't quite suit him. The tie was perfectly in the center of the open top part which was perfectly split down the middle. His gig line was as perfect as his tie (for you non-military types a gig line is the line the shirt, belt buckle, and pant zipper form when the uniform is worn).

Looking down at himself he decided that his old Marine uniform fitted him better than this green excuse for a uniform. At least the darker tones on that uniform seemed to help him blend into the shadows. "I don't think green is your color." Mizore said. "You noticed?" he

asked sarcastically. She giggled, to Andrew it almost sounded like her giggling. "Let's go, we don't want to keep the Headmaster waiting." she said in that soft, cool voice she had. Andrew nodded "Yeah let's go." he said. He started walking to the door, but his legs weren't having any of that. They collapsed out from under him and Mizore was too far away to catch him. So instead, she created an ice pillar that caught him instead. He looked at her "Thanks." he said. She blushed slightly and walked over to him. He pulled himself off the pillar and allowed Mizore to put his arm around her shoulders to help him walk to the Headmaster's office.

They finally arrived at the doors to his office after what seemed like hours of walking, though in reality it was only 20 minutes. He looked at Mizore and she nodded, he pulled his arm back from her and stood straight. He knocked on the door and it opened, giving him a look inside. They slowly entered the office and made their way to the desk at the very back of the office. Three years in the UNSC had trained him to check everything, as he looked around he noticed that the entire room was covered in equipment that probably was used in astronomy, though he had no idea. 'For God sakes Jim, I'm a soldier not an astrologist.' he thought to himself. He chuckled inwardly at his own joke (I just had to put that in, Kudos to who can tell me what it's from).

At the desk an ornate high backed chair was turned away from them. The chair turned around to them and he could see the person who occupied it. It was the same man in white that he had seen talking to the people who had killed him. Knowing that he was technically the highest ranking person in the school he fell back on his training. He snapped to attention, though it pained him some, and saluted. "Sir, Corporal Andrew Sampson reporting as ordered, sir." he said. The man waved his hand "At ease." he said. Andrew dropped the salute and entered parade rest. "You've caused quite the uproar since you arrived, Corporal." he said matter of factly.

He pulled out some pictures and threw them on the desk. Andrew stepped up to them and looked at them. They showed that bastard Okuto attempt to rape Mizore and then him standing in his ODS armor then the plasma grenade that killed him. "And from what I've heard, you broke Inner Moka when she saw your memories when she saved your life." he said. "So, what are we going to do with you?" he asked, leaning back in his chair and folding his fingers. Andrew looked at the pictures again "With all due respect sir, I have nowhere to go. No family to take me in, hell not even a place I can call home period." he said. He left out details, though he knew that this man would want and get them eventually. "What are you getting at young man?" the Headmaster asked, his glowing eyes twinkling. "I'd like to enroll in your school." Andrew said simply.

Mikogami leaned back in his chair and looked up at the ceiling. Mizore, however, reacted differently, she was in shock. "You do realize that your life will constantly be in danger. If anyone was to find out about you, you would be killed." Mikogami said. Andrew pointed at Mizore "She knows, as well as 4 others and you too and I'm not dead yet." he said. "Besides, I have obligations here that can't be ignored." Andrew continued. Mizore cocked an eyebrow "What obligations?" she asked. He glanced at her "Someone down here needs me." he stated simply as though it was obvious. She blushed, guessing what he meant. "Of course, I'm going to need a few things." he continued, looking back at Mikogami.

Mikogami turned his attention back to the youth in front of him. Something was different about this one, something that set him apart from Tsukune. He couldn't quite put his finger on what it was but it intrigued him. "And that would be?" he asked. "If it wouldn't be too much trouble, I would like my sword and grenades returned, my SMG and armor repaired, and your permission to where a larger coat to conceal my weapons." Andrew said. If Andrew could have seen Mikogami's face he would have seen him cock an eyebrow. "Why would you need all that? Tsukune has done marvelously and he doesn't have any of that." he said. "With all due respect sir, he has a harem of women who would gladly fight for him. I don't, I'm going to need my equipment if I intend to fulfill my obligation." Andrew countered. Mizore blushed again; Andrew was facing off against one of the Dark Lords without so much a shred of power to his name.

Mikogami chuckled "I'll give you that one, very well." he said. He motioned for Andrew to step forward. He handed Andrew a key with a room number on it, as well as a map of the school. Andrew snapped a salute "Thank you sir." he said. He took them with a nod and turned to leave. "One more thing Corporal." Mikogami said. Andrew turned his head to look at the headmaster. "Try to refrain from lethal force against my students." he said with that maddening grin on his face. "No promises but if they come at me, I'm going to defend myself." Andrew replied. Andrew walked with a limp to the door with Mizore right beside him and the two of them left.

Mikogami returned to his seat and turned so that he was facing the window. Things were going to happen at his school, and only Andrew had faced them before. He grinned 'This year is going to be interesting.' he thought.

Andrew and Mizore walked to the dorms, Mizore ready to assist should Andrew look like he's going to fall. Eventually they arrived and found Andrew's room. He unlocked the door and stepped inside. The room was larger than what he was used to, but that wasn't saying much. He was used to sleeping on the ground trying to stay alive. He couldn't really remember the last time he slept in a bed. He walked over to it and found his equipment and a black trench coat. He picked up his helmet and looked at it. The scratches from Kurumu's attack were gone. He set it on his head and the HUD came on line. He smiled, took it off and set it back on the bed. He picked up his SMG and smiled as well. It was all in one piece. He ejected the mag and looked inside. Even the damaged rounds were repaired. He set it down then picked up his chest plate. It was no longer crumpled where Moka had kicked him and all the other damaged from three years of fighting Covenant were gone as well. 'Well, not all the damage.' he thought as he touched his face.

He suddenly remembered that Mizore was standing in his room. He turned to her. "Thank you for all your help Miss Shirayuki." he said, giving a small bow. "I really appreciate what you've done." he continued. She blushed at his formal use of her name "It was nothing. See you tomorrow?" she asked. Andrew gave her a nod and she left. After the door was closed, Andrew set to work on his equipment. He worked late into the night, setting his leg armor into place on his pants so that he could carry his sword and SMG where ever he went. By the time he was finished it was 1 in the morning. "Just like basic." he mused to himself. He set his alarm to 4 then lay down to sleep.

Not two hours later, he awoke in a cold sweat, screaming. His hand lunged for his SMG and rolled out of bed. He leveled his SMG at the door and loosed a barrage of bullets tearing through it. Thankfully it was silenced, otherwise he would have had to deal with some very angry dormmates. Of course if they hadn't woken from his scream, then he doubted they were going to wake from some gunshots. He lowered his SMG and rubbed his temples. They had finally come, the nightmares. He had been running off of adrenaline, and his mind had been too preoccupied the previous few weeks. But it had finally caught up with him. He had been fighting on a colony that had ultimately been glassed. Even while he was awake, he could still hear the screams of the dead and dying. The worst part had been the end, he watched his family get cut down and his sweetheart's ship destroyed. Then he found himself in the middle of a black room. They had started arriving then. The bodies of his parents, his sister, and his sweetheart, all surrounding him. "Why didn't you help us?" asked his mother. "You could have saved us." said his father. "What are you if you can't even save four people?" asked his sister. "Your promise must have meant nothing if you let me die." accused his sweetheart. They continued in that manner for some time.

Andrew eventually curled into a ball and wished that they would stop, after he had tried many times to convince them that it wasn't his fault. That was when he had screamed, vaulted out of bed, and shot his door. He walked over to his door and examined it. He had put about six rounds through the door and it was almost torn in half. He ran his fingers over the holes and sighed. Dropping his hand he walked back to his bed and sat on it, his head in his hands. He spent the next ten minutes crying into them. Finally he fell back on his bed and passed out.

His alarm went off two hours later and he jumped out of bed. He dressed in PT clothes, made his bed, and then set to the routine that had been ingrained into him at basic three years before despite the horrifying night before. He set into it with a will to help drive away the images and the voices, starting off light with 500 pushups. After that 500 sit ups then 500 jumping jacks. After the warm-up, he set into his 10k run. As he was leaving he didn't notice a certain violet haired girl hiding behind a tree. Eventually he returned to his dorm room, sweat pouring off of him in great waves. He slowly walked around the building to cool off, when he felt the temperature suddenly drop and his senses alerting him to someone else's presence. He tensed and mentally berated himself for leaving his dorm unarmed. Of course no soldier was truly unarmed but he really didn't think his feet and fists were going to help him much here. Though if they stayed in human form then he might have a chance. "Show yourself!" he called out.

Mizore stepped out from behind the tree that he was leaning up against. "How did you know I was here?" she asked. "The temperature dropped, and I felt like someone was watching me." he replied. He was still tense, but he wasn't about to attack the woman he was sent back to protect. Unless she struck first of course, then he would have to defend himself. "How long were you following me?" he asked. "Since you left your room." she replied like it was nothing. Andrew paled, 'If she can follow me for ten clicks and only now I sense her...' he didn't finish the thought. He swore then that he was never going anywhere without his armor and helmet. Even if she didn't attack him, it made him uneasy to know how easy it was for her to sneak up on

him. He shook his head to clear his thoughts and he walked back to his dorm.

He had just entered his dorm room when he heard the soft patter of feet behind him. He grimaced to himself 'She just can't leave me alone can she?' he asked himself. "Well since you've attached yourself to my hip, why don't you come in." he called behind him. She started when he talked to her. She had thought that she was being far more stealthy than that but she didn't count on his constant awareness. He walked into his room and left his door open for her. She peaked her head around the door frame and was slightly disappointed. She had hoped to gain some insight into what type of man he was by how he decorated his room, but what she saw was nothing more than the same room she had left him in. Though she really thought nothing of it as this was just his second day at the Academy.

Andrew walked over to the closet that he had forgotten the previous night and opened it. Inside was more school uniforms. 'Ok seriously if I ever find out who thought green was a good idea for a uniform I'm going to beat them into a pulp.' he thought as he grabbed them and threw them out the window.

At that moment the Headmaster was going over some paper work when he sneezed. He shook his head in wonderment "I think green is a great color for a uniform." he said to no one in particular.

Andrew began to strip down, and Mizore had to suppress an 'eep' as she turned around quickly. She was a stalker by trade, but that didn't mean that certain lines were not crossed. When Andrew got into the shower he couldn't believe it; he got to take a long shower while the water was on! And a hot one at that! After savoring his long, hot shower of 3 minutes, he left the bathroom drying himself. Remembering that he was amongst civilians before he could kill Mizore from embarrassment, he rapped his midsection with a towel, though it did nothing to conceal his upper body. He left the bathroom and made his way to his bed where his uniform was. Mizore looked up as he passed her. She blushed when she discovered that his torso was uncovered and she got a good look at his finely developed chest and back. Then a look of shock and horror crossed her face when she got a good look at his back. The ugliest scar covered his entire back, as though someone had taken a bucket of molten metal and splashed it onto his back. She stood up and walked over to him.

Andrew was just finishing putting his pants on when he felt someone walk up behind him and a cool hand touch his back in the center of his scar. He wasn't expecting it and the added coldness of the touch completed his shock. He tensed 'It's only Mizore, it's only Mizore, it's only Mizore' he repeated in his head many, many, _many_ times to keep himself from doing something he would regret. "How did it?" she started. "I don't want to talk about it." he quickly said before she could finish her question. She lowered her head and silently nodded. She removed her hand so that he could finish dressing. He pulled on his UNSC issued shirt, then started snapping on the armor for his legs, and getting his combat boots on. He had contemplated his upper body armor as well but then it would have made it impossible to where the trench coat to hide his weapons. So he settled for putting it in his duffel bag, as well as his helmet. He holstered his SMG and the sword on his right thigh, SMG above the sword for easy access, then donned the black trench coat. He then put all his books that he would need for classes in his backpack and

pulled its straps over his shoulders. Finally, he put the strap of the duffel bag on his shoulder and turned to Mizore.

She looked up at him and smiled. This look fitted him much better than the green of the academy. "Will you join me for breakfast?" she asked. He nodded his assent and motioned for her to lead the way. As they were leaving his dorm room he glanced at the clock. '0715, not bad at all.' he thought.

As they walked Mizore somehow wormed her way around his arm, he didn't mind her being so close. It was actually better that way; he could twist her around and put his body inbetween her and anything that tried to hurt her. He happened to look down and his breath caught and his eyes widened in shock and horror. "What?" she asked when she noticed his expression. He shook his head "Nothing, you go ahead, I'll catch up." he said. She didn't want to but she knew there was no way she was going to change his mind. "Don't be late." she said as she left. He nodded then turned his attention to what had caused his reaction. It was a footprint, but this footprint he had seen many times before. The footprint looked more like a hoof from something like a goat, only it was much bigger, and the way it was shaped, it was wrong, and the weight that had been put on the foot to cause the footprint was much too heavy. There was only one race that he knew of that produced footprints like these. 'But how in the hell did they get here?!' he asked himself, his mind already formulating plans to counter the possible threat. 'The same damn way you did.' he answered himself. He had crouched down to get a better look at the print, so he straightened and blew out the breath he had no idea he had been holding. 'Calm down Andrew, maybe you're just overreacting. I'm sureâ€¦' his thoughts were interrupted by a scream and he tore off running, his hand going for his SMG.

****Author's Note: MUAHAHAHAHAHA! Cliffhanger! So now we know that Andrew is having just a little bit of trouble adjusting to the living conditions at the academy, but after spending three years in fox holes and cryo, can you really blame him. Mizore found a large scar on his back. How did he get it? You're going to have to wait and see. Don't expect an update for either this or The Rising Storm until after Christmas. Review as you see fit.****

4. Chapter 4

****Author's Note: MERRY CHRISTMAS! I hope you all had a wonderful Christmas, I know I did. All right to conniving little bastards I'm going to break my routine. : DRAMATIC GASP! : I've slightly lost interest in The Rising Storm, so that story will be on hold for a little while, which on a different note will allow me the ability to put all my focus into A New Storm. : YAY! : For all of you who are following them both, I do plan to continue it just not right now. Without further ado, onto the story!****

Andrew burst through the foliage with his SMG almost at his shoulder and stopped. The scene before him was just so ridiculous. Kurumu, was pulling on Tsukune's left arm, Moka, was pulling on his right, and Yukari, was hanging off of his back. "He's not your personal blood bank Moka!" Kurumu yelled in mock anger. "Hey! You leave them alone you big boobed cow! You're getting in the way of me, Moka and Tsukune's sandwich!" Yukari yelled as a golden washtub fell out of the sky and slammed into Kurumu's head.

Andrew could only look on in shock. Tsukune was in a position that most men would kill to get into, except for the loli, where Andrew came from that was a crime punishable by castration, and he looked like he wanted to be anywhere but there. Andrew could only look at them in shock, then he did something that he hadn't done in almost three years. He began to laugh, and not just any laugh, but a hysterical laugh that was fueled by his adrenaline and his nervous energy. The four of them looked at him like he was crazy, and in a way he was. He had expected to come upon an Elite attacking someone, not a bunch of girls fighting over a guy.

"I'm sorry." he said in between bouts of laughter. "But that is the funniest damn thing I've seen a long time." he continued falling to his knees. The four of them looked at the situation they were in and started laughing as well. After a short time Andrew's laughs started slowing down, which was a good thing because it was hard for him to breathe from laughing so hard. He whipped a tear from his eye and stood. He checked his watch and hurried away still chuckling to himself. "I would suggest that you solve your little dilemma before school starts." he called out as he walked away. They quickly untangled themselves and hurried after him.

He finally found the cafeteria after five minutes of searching. He spotted Mizore sitting alone at a table, but she didn't spot him. He quickly grabbed a tray of food and made his way over to her. He figured he had left her alone long enough and hurried over to her. She jumped at his sudden appearance "Sorry I'm late, got a little side tracked after you left." he said. Her shocked expression slowly turned into one of her small shy smiles and she nodded. She turned her attention back to her food, as he turned his attention to his. He picked up his fork and began to wolf down his food at a prodigious rate. Mizore could only look on in amazement at what he did. "How do you do that?" she asked after a moment.

Andrew looked at her with his eyebrow raised "Do what?" he asked. "Wolf down your food like you won't be able to eat for days." she explained. Andrew put down his fork "Oh, that, well where I came from, you had to eat fast or you didn't eat at all." he said simply. 'Of course you hardly ever got to eat when fighting the Covenant.' he continued in his mind, though he didn't voice it. Eventually, they had to leave for their classes. Mizore smiled at him and left "See you in class." she said. He nodded, and pulled out the map and his schedule that the Headmaster had given him. He cross-referenced the map with the schedule, and committed the routes he would take to memory. He stood and took his tray to the disposal area and dropped it off. He then set off to his first class of high school.

He arrived at the door to his first class of the day and hesitated, his hand hovering over the sliding door. Andrew had fought the Covenant on several worlds and had been present during possibly the worst campaign in the war, The Fall of Reach, yet here he was hesitating at the door to a school classroom. 'I can see it now, Veteran of the Human-Covenant War, hesitating at the door of a classroom.' he thought. 'Well might as get this shit over with.' he continued. He pulled the door open and stepped through.

Tsukune was busy looking out the window and day-dreaming when the door opened. He turned to see who it was and nearly fell out of his chair. There in the door-way, stood a very uncomfortable looking

Andrew Sampson. Ms. Nekonome looked up as well "Ah, you must be the new student." she said.

Andrew looked around the classroom and saw everyone staring at him. He even heard some of them whispering. "Wow, he's hot, and those scars are awesome." "I wonder how he got them?" "Heh, he doesn't look that tough." "I could take him easily." "That bastard, why does he get to wear that while we're stuck in the school uniform?" Andrew straightened and put on a defiant face to the kids in the class. 'In reality, I'm older than all of them and have been far more horrifying experiences than they will ever know.' he thought. "Well, don't just stand there, introduce yourself." the teacher said. "Sampson." he said simply.

He scanned the room more intently this time, picking out possible hostiles that he would need to eliminate. He then spied four familiar faces. 'Well, this just seems far too convenient to be coincidence.' he thought. Mizore caught his eye and he walked over to her "This seat taken?" he asked. She gave him a knowing smile "No." she replied. He nodded and sat down behind her. The room burst into more whispers "Who is this guy, acting all familiar with her." "How dare she?!" and the like.

The teacher, who introduced herself as Ms. Nekonome, began her class and Andrew drifted off. His helmet was automatically recording everything that was going on, so he had no real incentive to pay attention. The bell finally rang and the entire class quickly filed out of the room. Andrew was slightly shocked 'Damn, they can move fast when they want to.' he thought to himself. He grabbed his bags and moved for the door, but was blocked by a guy who was slightly bigger than him. "I don't like the way you're so friendly with that girl." he said venomously. Andrew shifted his bag to give his right arm room to grab his weapons should he need them. "What's it to you?" Andrew asked in a bored tone though he was tense and ready to spring into action on a moments notice. A vein on the guys head bulged "If I see you with her again, you will regret it." he said turning and walking away.

He followed the guy out of the classroom still tense and waiting for him to turn and attack him and spied a flash of purple. He slowly made his way over to the corner intent on paying her back for that morning. He put his face right next to the corner a little lower than he was tall and waited. Then he saw the pale blue eye peek its way back out. Mizore let out an 'eep' and fell flat on her butt. She couldn't believe it; he had found her out so easily and had snuck up on her. That was ****NOT**** how it was supposed to go. He chuckled, though it wasn't warm, and held out his hand to help her up. She clasped his hand and wasn't prepared for his strength, as he pulled her up.

She lost any semblance of balance and gracefulness and flew at him. He easily caught her and remained standing, even when she slammed into him. "You're a lot lighter than I thought you were." he stated simply. She blushed at his comment.

Nothing really interesting happened the rest of the morning. Things only started heating up at lunch. Andrew was sitting at the same table he had sat at with Mizore at breakfast. Then he heard footsteps. They were too heavy to be Mizore or Tsukune or any of his harem, which left the only answer as to whom it was as the guy who

tried to threaten him earlier. Andrew let him approach without acknowledging his presence though his hand did slid under the table and gripped his SMG. "I thought I told you stay away from Mizore." he said. Andrew looked at him "I'm sorry, my hearing isn't as good as it could be. I must've missed that part." he said. It was a partial truth; he had a low ringing in his ears from the constant weapons firing that had occurred during his time in the UNSC. But it wasn't loud enough to actually impair his hearing.

"Besides, I'll ask again. What do you care?" he asked. "Because I'm Azgor Gurornc, and I will make her my woman." Azgor replied triumphantly. Andrew couldn't stop himself, and he barked out a laugh filled with mocking intent. "My god, are you serious?" he asked. Azgor glared at Andrew with hate in his eyes. He then noticed a certain purple haired girl making her way to the table. Andrew followed his gaze and froze. Before he could call out a warning or pull out his weapon, Azgor bounded towards her, knocking some students out of his way. He grabbed her and transformed his arm into a claw, and held it under her chin. Andrew took a step forward his knuckles turning white from the grip he was holding his weapon in; Azgor was having none of that. He tightened his grip on Mizore's throat "Don't even think about it, buddy." he said.

Mizore was still trying to wrap her head around the fact that she was being held hostage. She finally broke out of her reverie and tried to freeze the guy that had her. He tightened his grip even more until one of his claws made a small incision on her neck. "Now, now, we can't have any of that." he the brute said.

Andrew was pissed; this bastard had Mizore by the throat andâ€¦ was that blood trickling down her throat? Now he was absolutely furious, he had an obligation to protect her and he was failing. He was shaking from his fury. Azgor looked at him and grinned evilly "If you want her back, meet me in front of the school in ten minutes." he said and left with Mizore. A little time later, Tsukune and his harem walked into the cafeteria to find Andrew strapping his armor on. "Andrew what are you doing?" Tsukune asked. Andrew grabbed one of his magazines for his SMG and examined it. "Going hunting." he said simply. He then told them everything that had happened.

Everyone was horrified, this was almost like what had happened the first day that Tsukune had arrived and met Moka and Saizou had attempted to take Moka. Only this was worse in that the enemy had actually gotten his hands on Mizore. Snapping the last bit of equipment onto himself he grabbed his helmet, put it on his head, and polarized the faceplate. "Don't worry, we'll help." Kurumu said with determination in her eyes. He glanced at them and they all had a look of determination in their eyes. "Why?" he asked. "This isn't your fight, you have nothing to gain by engaging in it." he continued

Andrew's words caught them all off guard. "No one has the right to lay a claim on anyone at this school." Tsukune replied. "Plus that's what friends do." he continued. Andrew looked at them and scoffed "This school is a survival of the fittest type of school, you should only be worrying about your next test or something, besides, I have no friends." he said. 'They're all dead or gone.' he continued in his mind. The group all looked dejected at his statements. He didn't have time to deal with them, so he left, heading for the front of the school.

He arrived and spotted Azgor with Mizore standing just outside the gate. "So you did decide to come. I'm surprised." he said. Andrew said nothing, just stared at Azgor. Azgor shifted slightly at the black faceplate that looked back at him, it was almost unnoticeable but Andrew caught it. Azgor couldn't figure it out something was off about this guy, and it wasn't just the helmet that concealed his face. He smelled odd, like a combination of human, and death. It unnerved him but he wasn't going to back down now.

"Release Mizore and I won't kill you." Andrew stated. Azgor stared in shock then burst out laughing. "You're pretty cocky new guy, I'll give you that." he said. Then his body started shifting. He burst out of his clothes and continued growing until he was huge. His body was a deep purple with a massive tail. His legs had transformed into claws and one was holding onto Mizore. As Andrew turned his gaze up, he saw three heads look at each other then down at him. When Azgor spoke it sounded like three voices speaking at once. "Scared yet little man? I'll bet you've never seen a Hydra, a creature from Greek mythology, besides the multiple heads the only other outstanding feature is that it can regenerate its heads." Andrew said cutting him off.

Azgor was stunned; this little whelp actually knew something about his species. "You scared yet punk." he said. "Not really, if memory serves a Hydra was killed by Hercules when he had his lackey cauterize the stumps of the severed heads." he said grabbing his energy sword hilt. "I don't have a lackey to do that for me" he activated the sword "but this should suffice." he finished. Azgor was pissed now; this little punk not only knew the story of one of his ancestors but wasn't even daunted by what was in front of him. He roared and set one of his heads forward and it slammed into the ground where Andrew was standing.

He smirked "He wasn't so tough." he said to himself. "Are you sure?" Andrew asked. He had rolled at the last second and was standing a ways away. Mizore let out a breath that she had no idea she was holding. "My turn." Andrew said. Azgor was still wondering how he had dodged his attack when he felt a searing pain. Andrew had leapt forward and used his energy sword to cut off the head that had attacked him. Azgor was waiting for the pain to subside and his head to regenerate. Only it never happened, the pain was no longer blinding, just a dull throbbing. He pulled up the headless stump and looked at it in mixed amazement and horror. It had been cauterized. He screamed in rage and launched another head at Andrew. He barely dodged the second attack and charged forward. He ran as fast as he could manage and sliced the claw that held Mizore off.

The claw still held her in a death grip; before Andrew could go and help her out of it he was hit by Azgor's tail. Azgor had screamed in rage and pain at losing his foot and his prize. Andrew flew through several trees and gravestones before coming to rest in a trench he had dug. "Ow" he said. He slowly stood out of the hole he had dug by his flight and walked back to the front of the school. He could feel all the damage that he had suffered "Not as bad as Moka" he grimaced in pain "but still" his chestplate had been crushed in on itself as well as his backplate. His helmet had been cracked again so he threw it away when he arrived back at the front of the school.

Mizore looked over at him and gasped in horror. He was a mess, his armor was crumpled, his helmet was cracked and discarded, and blood was flowing from a gash on his forehead. The Hydra looked at him and smirked "Back for more I see. Perfect." he said. He sent one of his heads down again and Mizore screamed.

Andrew barely dodged and stuck one of his Plasma Grenades on the head. The grenade exploded blasting parts of the head away. While he was confused and in pain, Andrew ran up and beheaded it. Azgor screamed in pain and rage as he turned his one remaining head to Andrew.

Mizore finally decided that she couldn't take it anymore she froze and shattered the claw that was holding her. At that point Tsukune and his harem finally arrived, deciding that even if they weren't friends they would help. Tsukune and his girls gazed up at the Hydra and drew gasps. "What is that?" Tsukune asked. "A Hydra." Yukari replied. "They are one of the most powerful of the water based monsters. This must be a young one, it only has threeâ€|headsâ€|" she trailed off. They looked at her waiting for her to continue. "We can worry about that later; right now we need to focusâ€|" Moka started but was cut off when Mizore screamed in anguish.

Azgor had pinned Andrew under his remaining claw, one of his talons had impaled him. He had no more energy to fight while his blood was pumping out of him. "Why do you resist, I am far stronger than you. Mizore needs someone of myâ€|" "Shutâ€|the fuckâ€|upâ€|" "What?" "I resistâ€|becauseâ€| I failedâ€|to keepâ€| myâ€|promiseâ€| the firstâ€|time. **IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!**" he swung his energy sword and cut the claw off of him.

Tsukune then decided that they needed some more help, as Kurumu, and Mizore rushed forward. He pulled off Moka's rosary and the sky had darkened, and the very air seemed to grow heavy. Moka's hair turned from a bubblegum pink to a bright silver, her eyes, from emeralds to rubies with slits. She looked at the scene in front of her. A Hydra was sitting on the ground, but that wasn't the strangest part. Normally even the youngest Hydra you found outside a nest had three heads, but she only counted one and two stumps. She saw him swing his tail and watched as someone in familiar armor came flying at her. She barely had time to think before Andrew's bloody body hit her and sent them both tumbling.

Mizore and Kurumu were both fighting for their collective lives. Azgor was in no condition to fight yet he did with all his might. He used his tail like a whip and swung it protectively around himself, but against the snow woman's fury it was no use. She sent ice daggers through his defenses and they embedded into his thick hide. Kurumu was also avoiding his tail and laying slices into him. But with his size, they were pinpricks compared to what Andrew had already accomplished.

Moka was coming out of her daze when she felt something heavy laying across her. She panicked slightly and shoved whatever was on her off. She heard a grunt of pain and looked at what she had shoved. It was Andrew and he was a mess. She suddenly remembered what was going on and looked at the Hydra. He was cowering, trying to block the attacks from the succubus and the snow woman with his tail and failing miserably. "Yukari." she called. The young witch ran up to her and knelt down to her. "See what you can do for Andrew." she said

standing. Yukari nodded and pulled out her wand and started chanting. A light materialized in the center of the pentagram and she slowly waved it over Andrew's wounds.

Mizore was holding back tears, Andrew was badly hurt, again, and it was because of her. In her fury and guilt she charged Azgor's head. He barely dodged and Mizore realized her mistake too late. The stump of one of his other heads slammed into her and she flew up. As she started to descend, she rolled over and watched as Azgor's mouth opened. Her descent was stopped when she felt someone wrap their arms around her middle. She looked into the face of Kurumu. "Next time, don't get hit." she said smiling. Mizore returned her smile and looked back at the Hydra, and then she finally felt the immense Youkai that had flared right after her attack.

She looked down and spotted the silver-haired vampire. Azgor felt it too and turned in fear to the source. "Silver hair, red eyes, vampire" he said softly, terror dripping off of him. She moved a strand of hair out of her face and behind her hair "You disgust me." she said, contempt evident in her voice. Azgor was so terrified, that he reverted back to his human form. His human form was just as battered as his monster. His legs were missing, and he was missing chunks from both of his shoulders. "Please spare me" he said. Moka scoffed "It's not me you should be groveling to." she said and motioned with her head behind him. He turned and saw an extremely pissed off snow woman being set down by Kurumu.

She stalked up to him and froze him in place. She got right up in his face "If you come near either me or Andrew, you won't live long enough to grow extra heads." she said with venom dripping from her voice. He nodded as fast as he could. Mizore unfroze him then stabbed him in the stomach and walked over to where Yukari was tending Andrew. A couple of Azgor's cronies came out of the crowd and hauled him off.

Yukari was working as hard as she could but she was getting tired and his wounds were so extensive. She then felt a comforting hand on her shoulder. She looked into the face of Tsukune and saw he was smiling. "I know you can do this Yukari." he said. She smiled back and felt a renewed surge of energy course through her body. She continued to heal his injuries when Moka, Mizore and Kurumu walked up behind her. Mizore fell to her knees and grabbed Andrew's hand. His eyes fluttered and they slowly opened.

He was in pain, but it wasn't as bad as when Moka had kicked him. Though of course she hadn't speared him, but then again, Azgor had missed all of his internal organs. 'Well, at least I'm not in the judgment room this time.' he thought. He felt his wounds closing then a cold numbing effect entered his hand and began spreading throughout his body. He slowly opened his eyes then remembered where he was and why he was there. His eyes flew open and he quickly sat up startling Yukari.

He moaned in pain and allowed himself to be laid back down by a certain snow woman. "What happened?" he croaked. She looked at him and smiled "We won." she replied. He nodded grimly, then looked around at the faces clustered around him. "So you came anyway." he said through gritted teeth. Tsukune nodded "You do have friends here Andrew." he said. Andrew looked in all of their faces and saw the same expression on them that Tsukune had. He shook his head with a

sad expression "We can never be friends." he stated. Everyones face contorted in shock and confusion at his statement. He slowly stood, much to the distress of both Mizore and Yukari. "What are you doing?" Moka asked coldly. Andrew looked at her "Going to the Infirmary." he said simply. He pulled himself to his feet and placed his hand over where Azgor's talon had impaled him. As he started walking towards the school Moka stepped into his path. He eyed her coldly "Move." he said simply. Tsukune was worried that Moka was going to hit him and had started to rise when the unthinkable happened. Moka looked upon him, then slowly stepped out of his way. Everyone who was watching the fight was wide eyed with shock. A Vampire had made way for a monster that didn't even show his true form.

Mizore was the first to recover. She quickly got up and hurried after him. When she approached him she grabbed his left arm and put it around her shoulder. He looked at her with a neutral expression then nodded his thanks.

As the pair walked away, one question was on everyone's minds. Who and/or what was this man, who could get a _Vampire_ to move with just a look and a word?

****Author's Note:** So, once again Andrew gets the shit kicked out of him. I guess it's just something I enjoy, beating the shit out of my main characters. Well, anyway, again I hoped you all had a great Christmas, and you all enjoyed the "End of the World". Yeah, right. I'll try to get the next chapter up soon. Review as you see fit.

5. Chapter 5

****Author's Note:** HAPPY NEW YEARS MUTHAFUKAS! You guys know I love you so don't get all butt hurt about it. Anywhere, I hope you all had a wonderful New Year and you didn't get drunk and kill yourselves. Damn meatbags anyway, oh wait wrong story heh heh, silly me. Well here we go Chapter 5.******

Andrew and Mizore eventually made it to the infirmary, where she helped him into one of the beds. Mizore then helped him remove his chest and back plate so that the nurse could get a look at his injuries. When the nurse came in, she examined him "Most of the superficial wounds are healed. However, the stab wound is closed, so there is no immediate danger of infection, but I would advise you to remain here tonight and take it easy the next few days." she said. Andrew and Mizore both nodded and the nurse left.

After she left an awkward silence fell on the two of them. Mizore was about to leave when Andrew spoke. "Thank you." he said. She started when he spoke "For what?" she asked. "For helping me get here, I was running off of adrenaline and that burned out about halfway here. If you hadn't been there I would have collapsed." he explained. Mizore blushed at that "It was nothing." she said looking away.

Mizore then remembered that he had lost his sword when he had flown at Moka. "Listen, I have to go, but I'll be back soon." she said standing. Andrew nodded and she left. He turned his head and looked out the window. He took a deep breath that was permeated with antiseptics and sterilization. 'How many times have I been in a hospital?' he asked himself. 'Far too many to count, at least this

time I have someone to keep me company.' he answered himself. Andrew continued to look out the window for a time. 'Maybe after this mission, I'll settle down find a nice quiet spot to spend the rest of my life.' he thought. Then he snorted 'Men like me don't get to settle down.' he thought.

Eventually the events of the day caught up with him and he fell asleep. Mizore had spent the better part of four hours searching for that little cylinder that could burn through pretty much anything. She was on the verge of giving up when she spotted something glinting in the light. She walked over to it and dug it out of the ground. It was the sword hilt. She smiled as she looked it over. It was intricately carved with runes covering the vast majority of its small profile. She stood and turned to return to the school when she froze. Standing before her with its back turned to her was a monster in his true form. It stood around 8 feet tall was hunched. The more she looked at it the more she noticed that he was wearing some sort of armor. Then she noticed its hands, they only had four fingers, and his legs were reverse jointed, like a dogs hind legs.

It stared at the school for a little longer then turned and walked away. As it was walking she noticed that it had the same type of hilt on its hip as Andrew's. When she saw its face she balked. Where a jaw was supposed to be was instead for mandibles and no lower jaw. As it walked away it turned invisible and she lost sight of it in the underbrush. As she walked away she couldn't help but wonder what significance what she saw held.

She thought nothing of it as she returned to the school, eager to return Andrew's weapon to him. When she arrived at the infirmary she found him thrashing in his sleep. She walked over to his bed. "Andrew?" she asked as her hand settled on his shoulder. The instant her hand touched him his eyes flew open. What she saw terrified her beyond comprehension. His eyes had a faraway look to them, as though his mind was somewhere else. And there was such fear in his eyes.

The next thing she knew Andrew had her pinned against a wall with his combat knife pressed up against her neck. The back of her head and her back hurt from where he slammed her into the wall, but she could only look in shock at Andrew.

His right forearm was holding her up against the wall, while his left hand held the knife in a reverse grip at her throat. He had a feral look on his face, as though he wasn't seeing her, but an enemy that was undeserving of mercy of any sort. Then he blinked. His eyes came back into focus his expression changed from feral to one of horror and shock. He dropped the knife and took a step back, looking at his hands in horror. Andrew dropped to his knees and began to shake.

Mizore could only look on in wonder and shock. Just moments ago Andrew was ready to kill her, now, she couldn't shake the feeling that something had caused him to be like this. Something so horrible, that he would forget where he was and lash out at anyone. "Why?" Mizore was pulled out of her thoughts by Andrew speaking. Andrew looked up at her, glinting tracks coming down from his eyes. "Why did this have to happen to me?" he asked.

Mizore was speechless, how do you respond to that? She had no idea

what he was referring to, and that bothered her. So she did the only thing she could think of, she knelt down and pulled him into a hug.

They spent the next 20 minutes in that position as Andrew cried. Mizore couldn't do anything except hold him as his body shook from the sobs. Finally the sobs stopped and Mizore look into his face. His expression said it all. He was facing something that she couldn't comprehend; that she would never comprehend. She helped him stand and walked him back to the bed. Andrew silently allowed her to put him back in bed and she pulled the sheets up to his chin. She placed both his combat knife and the sword hilt on the bedside table and headed for the door. At the door she turned to get one more look at him then left.

Andrew had fallen asleep and not three hours later he was thrashing in bed again. "NO!" he yelled as his hand extended and he rolled out of bed, landing hard on the floor. A nurse rushed in after hearing him shout and the loud 'thump' that followed. She found Andrew sprawled on the ground pulling himself up. "Are you alright?" she asked as she knelt down at his side. Andrew silently nodded and let her help him get back into bed.

As soon as his head hit the pillows he was out like a light. Though he didn't wake again that night, his dreams were plagued with the horrors that he had seen. He didn't know it, but in the girls dormitory Inner Moka was having the same problems he was, except that the nightmares had more time to work on her than Andrew. She would lie down in the bed she had created within her dreamscape then she would have nightmares. She watched as the memories of what Andrew had gone through and done paraded before her. She would shoot out of bed as the worst ones came up.

Neither one of them got much sleep that night. Even though Outer Moka wasn't able to see what Inner Moka was seeing, her body still reacted the same way. When she met Tsukune the next morning, he instantly knew something was wrong. She wasn't her normal bubbly self, and she had dark bags under her eyes. She was also constantly yawning, as they walked to class.

In the infirmary Andrew had just woken from another nightmare. Instead of the war this one was of his family verbally attacking him for his 'failures'. Andrew knew that what was going on was unhealthy, but he had no one to turn to. Mizore was a nice girl, but she was also innocent to the workings of the war he fought. The school counselors were in the same boat. None of them could ever understand what he had gone through. The only one who might be able to understand would be Silver-Haired Moka, but those were just his memories.

Pushing those thoughts away he left the infirmary and headed for his dorm room after grabbing his repaired armor and his combat knife and sword. As he was passing in the halls three students in black uniforms were standing at the end of the hall exactly where he needed to go. He silently prayed that he would be allowed to pass without incident, but he knew his luck wasn't that good. When he reached them none of them moved out of his way, and they formed an almost impenetrable wall of black. They stood there for a moment then the leader spoke. "Andrew Sampson, you're coming with us." he said.

Andrew only looked up at him "And if I don't want to?" he asked. Everyone in the hall stopped and stared at the confrontation at the end of the hall. The leader, let's call him Dick-Face 1, bristled. "Then we'll drag you. We are the" he said. "Look, I really don't give a flying fuck who you are or what power you think you have, I'm tired and I need to get my books so I can get to class. So either get the fuck out of my way, or bring it on." Andrew said cutting him off.

Everyone was silent after that, even Dick-Face 1. "How dare you!" he yelled as he pulled his arm back to strike Andrew. Andrew sighed, dropped his armor plates and grabbed his sword. He twisted out of the path of the fist, then activated his sword and impaled Dick-Face 1. Andrew removed the sword and spun around with his arm outstretched. Before Dick-Face 2 could do anything his head was removed from his shoulders. Then he turned to face Dick-Face 3.

Dick-Face 3 could only stare in shock and horror at how easily the other two had been dispatched. Then he looked into Andrew's eyes. There was nothing there, no emotion, no hate, no anger. Just a cold indifference to what was happening. This was too much for him and he ran. Before he could make it around the corner of a different hall, a knife flew from behind him and buried itself in his skull. He was dead before he hit the ground. The entire hall was as silent as a graveyard. You could've heard a pen drop from the other side of the hall. Andrew deactivated the sword and magnetized it to his thigh. He grabbed his armor and walked towards the corpse of the student police member he had killed with the knife and pulled it out. Wiping the blood and brain matter off on the corpse's uniform. He then turned and walked away, leaving the three corpses where they lay.

When he arrived at his dorm, he quickly showered then dressed, then clipped his weapons onto himself. He donned his coat then grabbed his bag and walked to class. He finally arrived at the classroom and let himself in. The class was in the middle of a discussion and all talking stopped when Andrew entered. One look at his face, and no one in the class said anything as he made his way to his desk. He dropped his bag next to his seat, dropped in his seat and allowed his face to become intimate with the desk.

In another part of the school, a tall student in a black uniform was standing over a table with student profiles arrayed on it. The door to the room the student was in opened and his second-in-command stepped in. "What do you have for me Keito?" he asked. She knelt down and bowed her head "The boy you sent your officers after resisted arrest and killed the men." she replied with a hint of disgust in her voice. Kuyou turned and gazed at her "Really?" he turned back to the profiles on the table. "I want you to watch him for now." he said. Keito looked up at him in shock. "Sir, he killed" she started to say. "I what he did!" Kuyou yelled as he turned back to face her. "He might be a valuable asset latter on. You will watch him for now" and you will not do anything." he continued with a thoughtful expression on his face. Keito considered for a moment then bowed her head. "I will do as you command sir." she said. She stood, turned and left the room. Kuyou turned back to the profiles and picked up Andrew's. "Just what are you?" he asked himself as his gaze turned to the block where the monster race was situated. All that was there was question marks.

Andrew woke with a start when he felt someone put their hand on his shoulder. When he looked at the person who had woken him he realized who it was. Mizore was standing over him with her hand on his shoulder. "How long?" he asked. "Only about 40 minutes." she replied. 'That explains the lack of nightmares.' he thought. He slowly stood and grabbed his bag. As Mizore and him headed for the door Ms. Nekonome stopped them. "Have either of you decided on a club to join?" she asked. Andrew raised an eyebrow "We have to join a club?" he asked. Ms. Nekonome nodded "Do you know what club you want to join?" she asked again. Andrew looked at Mizore then back to Ms. Nekonome. "To be honest I didn't know that we needed to join a club. So I guess the answer's no, I don't know." he said.

Ms. Nekonome's face lit up instantly and two tufts of hair stood on end on her head. Andrew noticed the tufts and was instantly reminded of a cat's ears. "I know the perfect club for you! You can join the Newspaper club!" she squealed in delight. Andrew and Mizore both sweat dropped at her antics. "Ooookay, where does the Newspaper Club meet?" Andrew asked. "Just show up here after classes." she replied. Andrew and Mizore both nodded and went to their next class.

The day passed in a blur for Andrew. In every class he managed to take short naps 'Just like on the battlefields.' he thought grimly. By the end of classes, he was just as tired as when those guys in black had tried to take him. He entered Ms. Nekonome's class sat at one of the desks and his face became intimate with it. Andrew turned his head to watch the door as the other members arrived. In walked Moka, Tsukune, Yukari, Kurumu, Mizore and lastly an older student. They all took their seats, and the older student introduced himself to the newcomers.

"My name is Ginei Morioka, and I'm the club president." he said with a smile that made Andrew's skin crawl. Something about him was off, not the fact he was a monster, but it was something else. He seemed to spend most of his time checking out Moka, Kurumu, and to his chargin, Mizore. Andrew's gut told him to deck the bastard and that's what he did. He stood up out of his chair, which surprised them as they thought he was asleep, and walked up to Ginei. He stopped just in front of him "Something I canâ€|" Ginei started to say. He never finished his sentence because Andrew's right fist decided that he needed to say hello with Gin's face, violently.

Gin was spun around with the force of the blow and collapsed on the ground. Everyone stared in shock at Andrew. He turned and looked at the faces that were looking at him. "What?" he asked. "Not that what you did was wrong in any way, but why did you do it?" asked Kurumu. Andrew shrugged "My gut told me to, and it's never been wrong before." he said as Gin was picking himself up off the floor. "So, what are you?" he asked Gin. Moka answered for him "He's a pervert." she said.

Andrew lifted an eyebrow "Really?" he asked as he looked back at Gin. Gin looked up at Andrew and snarled "What the Hell was that for?!" he screamed. That's when Andrew's right foot decided it wanted to get acquainted with his face as well. Gin dropped back on the ground holding his broken nose. Andrew then knelt down to him "Listen well bub. If I catch you perving, I will inflict the same punishment that my home town had for pervs and lolicons. I willâ€|" he whispered the last part so that only Gin could hear. Gin's eyes bulged in fear and he quickly nodded his assent. "Good." Andrew said standing. "Now,

apologize to the nice ladies." he said. Gin stood still holding his face and slumping his shoulders in defeat. "Moka, Kurumu, I'd like to apologize to you for being a pervert." he said.

Everyone was in shock. In just ten seconds, Andrew had gotten Gin to renounce his ways, maybe. Both Kurumu and Moka were suspicious of this sudden change of heart and thus didn't say anything for a time. "Good, Gin, now got to all the girls of the school and apologize to them as well." Andrew said. Gin looked at him with murder in his eyes as Andrew pulled out his combat knife and absentmindedly picked at his finger nails. A slight flash of fear passed through his eyes and he left, grumbling about sadistic people and their tendencies.

Andrew let an evil grin grace his features and he put his knife away. "What did you say to him that caused him to do that?" asked Tsukune. Andrew shrugged "Where I'm from we have a law regarding lolicons and perverts. They don't get to pass on their genes." Andrew said cryptically with an evil grin on his face. Nobody said anything for a moment then a look of realization came over Moka. "You don't mean" "Castration." Andrew said cutting off her question. Everyone's face contorted in shock at the, supposed, brutality of the law. "You'd be surprised how well that deters people." Andrew said. "So what are we working on?" he asked turning to face them.

The rest of the time was spent getting caught up with the projects of the Newspaper Club. They didn't really get anything done on that first day, well other than humiliating Gin, but that wasn't work, that was a public service. At the end of it Andrew was ready to pass out from how tired he was. He bid his fellow club members farewell, and left for his dorm room.

He was about 50 meters from the dorms when he stopped. "I'm not really in the mood to have someone stalking me." he called out. He heard the rustle of skirts and turned to see who it was. Standing behind him was a girl in the same black uniform as the three Dick-Faces, with long purple hair. Whereas Mizore's hair was a pale purple, this girl's was a much deeper purple. "How were you able to detect me?" she asked. "Oh, you actually think that you know how to sneak around? I knew I was being watched after first period." he said. Keito was shocked "You didn't actually answer my question." she retorted. Andrew snorted "You don't live through what I have without knowing what's going on around you." he said.

He gave her a bored expression "So why do I have a Student Police tail?" he asked. She flicked her hair in an arrogant manner "Our leader has taken a fancy to you." she replied. "Well that just makes me all warm and fuzzy inside." he said, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "I personally think you should just be killed for the murder of those three officers." she said, the hate rolling out of her mouth in waves. Andrew shifted his stance slightly to give him the best chance at getting through her first attack. 'I'll have to be quick and eliminate her before she can change.' he thought. "But as per our leader's orders, I can't do anything." she said. "Look I really don't want any trouble, just leave me and Mizore alone and we'll get along just fine." as soon as the words left his mouth he instantly regretted them.

Keito raised an eyebrow "Oh, is something going on between you and her?" she asked mockingly. Andrew took a threatening step towards her

"You won't get close enough to touch her." he said simply though the meaning behind the words was evident. "We'll see." she said then turned and walked away. Andrew stood for a moment then turned back to the dorms. 'One way or another, tomorrow is going to be interesting.' he thought as he entered his room and promptly fell asleep as his head hit the mattress.

****Author's Note:** So things are starting to heat up. Mizore had her first contact with an Elite, Andrew has garnered the attention of the student police and Gin is being forced to change his ways or lose his manhood. To quote Andrew; the next chapter is going to be interesting.**

6. Chapter 6

****Author's Note:** Ok so now we get to some good stuff. And to answer you bitches question the Elite is going to make an appearance this chapter. That is all enjoy. **

Andrew woke several times during the night, screaming or falling out of his bed. Deciding enough is enough Andrew just got out of bed and began his routine. Once he was finished he contemplated on what he was going to wear at school. 'I'm going to need every advantage I can get.' he thought. He left the coat where it lay and grabbed his upper body armor. Andrew quickly strapped it on, and then magnetized his weapons to his thighs. He grabbed his helmet and walked out of his room.

As he made his way to class he felt a shiver go down his spine. "Come on out Mizore." he called not even breaking his stride. Mizore popped out from behind the tree she had been hiding behind and watched him walk. "How were you able to find me?" she asked. "Kinda hard to ignore the shiver going up my spine from your presence." he replied. "Plus I'm paranoid." he continued. She looked at him for a moment and was about to ask why when she stopped. Mizore then remembered that night in the infirmary, the look in his eyes as he almost hurt her.

She didn't know what event caused him to have that look in his eyes if she really thought about it she didn't know much of anything about him at all. "You're going to be late for school if you keep standing there gawking at me." he called over his shoulder. Mizore was broken out of her reverie and quickly followed him.

Eventually they arrived at the school in time for breakfast. They both sat down and Andrew wolfed down his food. When he was finished his face became intimate with the table top. Mizore could only watch with worry in her eyes. Eventually Tsukune and his harem arrived and they sat at the same table as them. When Mizore looked at Moka she noticed that she had the same bags under her eyes as Andrew had. That's when she remembered that Vampires could see the memories in a person's blood. 'She must have seen his memories when she saved him.' she thought.

Mizore instantly didn't like it 'How dare she know more about him than I do!' she thought. Although, just by looking at her, she wondered if she really wanted to know. Of course she wouldn't ever be able to have the same experience as Moka had had and for that she was

secretly grateful.

Tsukune was very concerned for Moka. She looked like she was hardly getting any sleep at all and it was showing. Her grades had dropped substantially, her mood was almost always in the dumps, and she was worse than Andrew with her face becoming intimate with desks and tables. If Tsukune was that kind of guy, he would have been jealous that the furniture was getting more action than him. But he wasn't and he was just concerned for her health. He was a little put off that Andrew and Moka seemed to be having the same problem however but he decided that he wasn't going to bring it up. He didn't want them to grow closer because of it.

He looked over at Andrew and noticed that he was wearing his armor instead of the coat, as though he was expecting trouble today. The bell rang and they went to their first class. The instant they sat down both Moka's and Andrew's faces became intimate with their respective desks. Ms. Nekonome was concerned for her two students. They seemed to not be getting any sleep and were almost always tired all day. She was about to start the day's lesson when the door opened and Keito and four other enforcers entered.

The room was quiet as they entered and low murmurs raced throughout it. "Mizore Shirayuki, you are coming with us for questioning concerning the death of Okuto Kotsubo." Keito said with a smug grin. The room went quiet at that and Mizore was slowly standing when she stopped as she saw Andrew rise. Even though he was tired beyond belief, he had fought under those conditions before, and besides he had a VIP to protect. He turned to look at Keito "She's not going anywhere with you." he said calmly.

There was a massive intake of breath from the entire class at his declaration. Mizore was blushing from his declaration but moved forward. "It's ok, I'll go with them." she said as she gently put her hand on his shoulder. "They're here to hurt me through you, and I won't let that happen." he said directing the last part of his statement at the Student Police members.

Keito brushed it off and motioned for her goons forward. "Take her." she said. The two goons closest to Keito stepped forward and made their way over to Mizore. One moved his hand forward to grab her shoulder. His hand was millimeter from touching her whenâ€¦|_snap-hiss_, a light thud and a scream of pain was heard.

The goon was now holding the stump of the hand he had almost touched Mizore with. "I said, Mizore isn't going anywhere with you corrupt sons-of-bitches." Andrew said with his activated energy sword in his hand.

Keito's face was contorted in rage. 'HOW DARE HE DEFIE ME!' she screamed in her head. "FORGET THE BITCH, GET HIM!" she screamed. Andrew smiled, quickly donned his helmet and jumped out the window. Surprisingly, the window gave little resistance as he smashed through it and plummeted to the ground. He knew it was going to hurt and he didn't want to cripple himself from the fall even if it was only the second story, so he rolled as he hit the ground and it dispersed the pain across his body.

Keito and the three goons who were still in one piece followed soon after, landing easily from the drop and facing him. Andrew drew his

combat knife and held it in a reverse grip as well as the energy sword. He mocked them then when he made the hand gesture for 'Bring it on'. Keito was absolutely furious at this point. This low-life had defied her in front of an entire class of students. He was not going to get away with that.

Her goons and her transformed after Andrew made his gesture, revealing their true forms. As Andrew watched, Keito's torso split open to reveal six legs, her mouth gained a set of mandibles and her eyes shifted into a different shape and color. One of the goons transformed into an Orc, another turned into a Lizard Man, and the third transformed into a Minotaur. Andrew began calculating the strengths and weaknesses of each monster.

The Orc, Lizard Man and Minotaur were all pretty straight forward. They all needed to get close to do anything and close was his domain when he had both his sword and knife. However the Jorougumo was an entirely different story. She could spit out silk as strong as steel at a pretty good range.

She was probably going to tie him up with her silk and allow her minions to attack him unimpeded. He smirked under his helmet, that tactic usually denoted a coward and oh how he hated cowards. "KILL HIM!" she screeched. They did exactly what he thought they were going to do.

She shot silk at him and he intercepted it on his left wrist. "I have you now! You can't escape!" she screamed. He waited for the others to close with him then made his own move. He swung his sword cutting the line of silk that was holding his hand then continued his swing through the neck of the Orc. Andrew continued his spin and impaled the Lizard Man, slamming him on the ground with the sword in his chest. The Minotaur was frozen at how quickly his two compatriots were dispatched but shook it off and prepared to charge.

By that time, the entire school was watching the fight. The vast majority of them had already heard about his first encounter with the Student Police and how he had eliminated them without any emotion. He wasn't like a vampire who thrived in combat; if anything he treated it like an occupation, like it was no big deal to kill three people with nothing like happiness or glee in the kill. It was brutal, in a strange elegant sort-a way.

Mizore had followed them out of the window and was now standing at the head of a large crowd as Andrew faced off with the last two standing Student Police officers. The Minotaur lowered its head and charged at Andrew. Mizore had to suppress a scream when the Minotaur was almost on top of Andrew but he did a flip over the creature and laid his back open with the sword.

The Minotaur dropped to the ground dead and the only one left was Keito. She was furious and absolutely terrified at the same time. This guy had been outnumbered 5-1 and he had reduced it down to 1-1. Her eyes began frantically scanning the crowd for something she could use as an advantage when they fell on a certain Yuki-onna. Her face split in an evil grin and she drew up to her full height.

Andrew was watching as she was sweating bullets, then she spotted something and she drew up to her full height. He didn't like the new amount of courage she had, it spoke of a cowardly ploy. She darted

forward and Andrew raised his sword to strike her but she flew past him. He was confused for a moment but when he heard a cry of pain in a soft voice, Andrew knew what the bitch had done.

He turned and his fear was realized. The Jorougumo had Mizore pinned with her spider legs and was holding her tight to her body. This caused Andrew's anger to escalate to immeasurable levels. What happened next made Andrew's blood boil and his vision start to cloud red. Keito ****licked**** Mizore's cheek. "Mmmmmm, just like a popsicle. I can see why you would want her. Now why don't you drop your weapons, and come with me and I won't eat her." she said with a smug grin.

Thankfully Andrew's helmet was polarized so she couldn't see the look of disgust and pure unadulterated hatred directed at her. He looked at the ground and dropped his sword. Mizore was stunned, Andrew was complying with this bitches commands? No it wasn't true he was planning something, he had to be. "The knife and the helmet as well, I want to see the look on your face." she said/ Andrew grabbed under his helmet and slowly pulled it off.

With it off she got a good view of his expression and she had to suppress a shudder from the utter hatred in his eyes. As it was she still flinched at the look. Andrew turned his head slightly so that he could look at Mizore "Sorry." he said softly. Mizore was beyond confused at his statement. 'What was heâ€|?' she started thinking before he threw his helmet.

Keito had to act quickly to swat the thing out of the air, but when she did she saw a glint of steel and felt something stab her in the chest. When she looked down she saw that he had thrown the helmet as a distraction to throw his knife which was now imbedded in her chest. She looked back up just as Andrew appeared in front of her and she felt something stab into her abdomen. Keito felt herself be lifted off of her feet and she looked down.

Andrew had used the distraction of both the helmet and the knife to grab his sword and charge her. She was now suspended in the air impaled on the twin prongs of the energy sword. Andrew removed the sword from her abdomen and she fell to the ground. The last thing she saw was Andrew standing over her like an angel of death.

With the battle over, Andrew deactivated his sword and looked at Mizore. The look on her face said it all. She had seen what he did and the expression on his face and that had scared her. He turned back to the corpse and removed the knife from her chest. He wiped the blood off on Keito's uniform and sheathed the knife. Andrew turned and was about to start walking back to the school to get some answers from the last remaining Student Police member when he was stopped by a voice.

****"HUUUUUMMMMMMAAAAAANNNNNN!"**** it cried. Andrew stopped and froze. Everyone around him turned to see who had spoken and who the person was talking to. Andrew slowly turned to face the direction the voice had originated from and all color drained from his face.

There standing before him was the object of his nightmares. The very thing that kept him up at night, that had caused so much pain and suffering for Humanity, a being that caused mass panics to ensue at the mere sight of them. Standing before him was an Elite. Somewhere

in the deep recesses of his mind he pondered why there was only one, but the vast majority of his mind was devoted to not panicking. Waitâ€¦panicking? He was a fucking ODS, panicking wasn't in his vocabulary. Then why the fuck was he panicking? Then he turned and saw Mizore looking between him and the Elite. 'That's why.' he thought.

Mizore was looking back and forth between Andrew and the creature. Its outburst had caused her to feel fear for Andrew's safety, though some fear of Andrew himself lingered after his emotionless killing of the PSC members. When she saw his face after he looked at the creature she was surprised at how fast it drained of color. She turned back to the creature and wondered what it was to cause that reaction in Andrew. She then recognized the creature standing before her; it was the same one that she saw the previous night when she was searching for Andrew's sword, right down to the armor and headaddress. She could see malice in its eyes and it was directed at Andrew. 'Why is that?' she asked herself.

Tsukune and his harem had just arrived and Moka's reaction was much more like a civilian during the H-CW. Well Inner's reaction anyway. Inner Moka screamed in terror when Outer turned to look at the creature. ****"GRAB TSUKUNE AND THE GIRLS AND RUN!"** ****she screamed.** "Huhâ€¦?" Outer started to say something but Inner cut her off. ****"DON'T QUESTION ME! JUST GRAB THEM AND RUN GOD DAMNIT!"** **** she screamed.**

Outer was flabbergasted, she never sounded like this. Inner was always raring for a fight, so her telling Outer to grab everyone and run was a new experience for her. But she didn't question it; she grabbed Tsukune, Kurumu, and Yukari and ran in the other direction from Andrew and the creature. They all protested and tried to ask questions of Moka but she didn't answer them or stop until Inner told Outer that they were far enough away. They all stopped and hunched over trying to catch their breaths from the sudden sprint. "What the hell?!" Kurumu asked. "Inner freaked out when she saw that creature and told me to grab you guys and run." Moka answered. "Well that'sâ€¦wait what?" Kurumu was utterly confused. 'Inner Moka always wants a fight, why would she run from that creature?' she asked herself.

Tsukune was about to ask the very question on everyone's mind when they heard screaming. Moka tried to stop them from going toward the screaming but they went anyway. She resigned herself to following them; she wasn't going to let them go into danger without her. She quickly followed them as they ran back the way they came, praying that it wasn't as bad as Inner made it sound.

****A few minutes earlier; with Andrew and group-****

Andrew was sweating bullets. He had faintly noticed that Moka had grabbed Tsukune, the rest of his harem, and had run, which in his opinion was the smartest thing she could have done. But there were still a lot of civilians plus his VIP in range of the Elite. He slowly bent down, grabbed his helmet and placed it on his head.

As he was doing this, the Elite was spouting off about how dare he use the weapons of the righteous against his destroyers or some fucked up shit like that. The part that set him off though was when he began talking again. ****"You have failed Human; once we are**

finished with you we will burn this world to the ground, and your heresy will be wiped from the galaxy for eternity!"** it cried. Andrew had heard it all before but he couldn't shake the feeling that this time was different. He couldn't call on reinforcements from the UNSC, as he was the only soldier of the UNSC here. Nor could he call in extraction or an air strike for the same reason. Tsukune, his harem and Mizore could probably be turned into soldiers with training, dedication and the right equipment. But that was in the future, right now he was a lone ODS'T against an Elite with a massive group of students going to get caught in the crossfire.

He turned to Mizore "Mizore, run." he said as his hand goes for his SMG. He turns back as the Elite pulls out two Plasma Rifles and brings them to bear on the ODS'T. "RUN!" he cries as he dives for cover, brining his SMG up to his shoulder as the Elite opens fire.

Mizore takes a second to realize what was happening then the screams bring her back to her senses and she dives behind a tree. She peaks her head out and what she sees will stay in her memories for the rest of her life. The blue balls of plasma rip through the bodies of the students with frightening ferocity. The screams of the dead, dying, and wounded add a surreal quality to the attack. She looks to the gate that Andrew is taking cover behind. Every so often he pops out and lets loose a burst from his SMG but she is dismayed when they strike a glowing violet field around the creature instead of it.

Andrew knows that this is bad. He can hardly shoot back with the Elite pouring plasma at such a prodigious rate. He knows that his sparse shots are barely damaging it's shields and every time he goes back in cover he is pinned there long enough for its shields to recharge. Andrew steps out of cover to deliver a burst of fire when a searing pain throws him to the ground. He looks down at himself and discovers the blistered and bloody remains of his left shoulder. Andrew looks around and discovers his SMG just out of reach to his right and tries to reach it. A hooved foot came crashing down and landed on his hand ending his attempt to grab it.

He looked up to the face of the Elite. Andrew could swear that it was smiling as it brought up its two Plasma Rifles and aimed them at him. 'So this is my fate, killed by my enemy in a place that is not my own. Oh the irony, I left one place of my death to die somewhere else.' he thought. He let his helmeted head fall back on the ground accepting what was going to happen.

Mizore was frozen from both shock and fear. The same creature that she had seen that night had just cut down a goodly portion of the student population and she could have swore that it was damn near laughing as it slaughtered them. A few of the more bolder students had started to transform and charged the creature but it simply gunned them down with it's strange weapons. Now it stood over Andrew and was preparing to deliver the final blow.

The Elite couldn't help but cement his victory. **"It is over Human, you have failed; soon my brothers will burn this school to the ground and this world will follow."** it said. It squeezed the firing mechanisms on his rifles and Mizore screamed. But instead of twin bolts of plasma, the two rifles sputtered and emitted sparks. The Elite was confused for a second and that was all that Andrew

needed.

He struck out with his leg at the elite and it stumbled just enough for Andrew to roll out from under it, wincing as he rolled over his injured shoulder. He jumped to his feet drawing his sword and holding his injured arm close to his body. The Elite looked over at Andrew, and then threw his useless rifles away, drawing his own sword. The Elite advanced quickly on Andrew with a downward strike.

Andrew barely swatted the strike away as it came at him. The two combatants then engaged in a brutal melee with the two swords swinging back and forth. Throughout the combat Andrew was unable to land a single hit on the Elite whereas the Elite was able to land small hits that added up. The Elite came in with an underhand strike, and Andrew barely blocked it but his sword was knocked out of the way. The Elite quickly reversed direction and cut Andrew from his right hip to his left shoulder, further damaging it.

"AHHHHHH!" Andrew screamed as he flew backwards from the hit. He dropped the sword as he landed and covered the smoking and bleeding wound with his right hand, his left practically lying uselessly next to him. The Elite walked up to the prone form of Andrew and stood over him. **"Just like the rest of your race. Weak and incompetent." **it said as it picked him up by the neck and threw him away. Andrew sat up on his knees holding his injured chest and letting his arm hang loosely. "Say that to my face." he said. **"As you wish." **the Elite said. It walked up behind him, grabbed him and lifted him off the ground. **"My face will be the last thing your pathetic eyes see."** it said as it drew back its arm to impale Andrew. Andrew was faster. He drew his combat knife that he was holding and plunged it into the Elite's neck. The Elite dropped him and grabbed onto his neck trying to stop the blood flow as he took a few steps back in surprise. Andrew grabbed the hilt of the sword the Elite dropped, activated it and plunged it into the Elites abdomen.

Andrew stood over the fallen form of the Elite holding his injuries and couldn't help but make a comment. "Nothing's over while I'm still breathing." he said. At this point Tsukune and his harem returned from their little vanishing act. Kurumu took one look at all of the dead bodies and blood on the ground and couldn't keep her breakfast. She went behind a tree and retched until there was nothing left and still she retched. Yukari joined her as she laid her eyes on the devastation before her. Tsukune looked then turned away, unable to bring himself to look at them. Moka looked at all the carnage and couldn't stop the tears that ran down her face as she covered her mouth in horror. Andrew looked at them then back at the Elite. He withdrew the sword in its abdomen, and then limped over to where his sword lie. He magnetized both to his thighs then went over to his SMG and grabbed it. Andrew started walking toward the school at a very slow pace, as his blood flowed freely from his wounds.

It was at that moment that Kuyou decided that he was going to show up. "You, Andrew Sampson, are under arrest for beingâ€¦" he started to say before he was interrupted by the cough of a silenced weapon and the blossoming of roses on Kuyou's shirt. He fell back with an expression of surprise on his face. Everyone's eyes went from Kuyou's body to Andrew. His right arm was raised and his silenced SMG was aimed where Kuyou was standing. "Anyone else feeling brave?" he asked. No one moved or said anything so he let his arm fall back down. He managed to magnetize the weapon to his thigh and take a step

forward before his leg buckled from under him.

Mizore rushed forward and barely caught him. He was too heavy for her to carry all the way to the infirmary but she tried anyway. As she was about to fall from Andrew's weight, she felt someone else helping her. She turned her head to see who it was and saw Moka of all people helping her. Moka smiled at Mizore and the two of them carried Andrew's limp form to the school's infirmary.

****Author's Note:** Holy shit it took me forever to finally hit a creative spark and finish this chapter but here it is. So to recap, the PSC has been practically gutted with the loss of both their leader and the Second-in-Command, the Covenant has made the first move, and Andrew is once again on his way to the infirmary. I was asked by a reviewer why Andrew was protecting Mizore. The answer is in the story in the second chapter but I guess I'll explain it for you. It is Andrew's mission to protect her that is why he does. Of course what good would this story be if we didn't have someone try to break through the shell of our favorite and bring him into the light? Up next is The Great Journey Review as you see fit. Chow. ******

7. Chapter 7

****Author's Note:** Holy Fucking Dog Shit, it has been fore****ver since I've worked on any of my stories, another reason to hate boot camp. Anywhere, I'm so glad I get to write on these again, it make you bastards happy which makes me happy. =D. If you read my other halo story it has been updated, so go read that, anywhere, onto the story. ******

Andrew slowly joined the world of the living after an unknown amount of time unconscious. The first thing he became aware of was the weight pressing down on his chest and the cool numbness that accompanied it. His first instinct was to lash out violently against what was (to him) attempting to either freeze him or crush him. However, he found that his arms and his legs had been strapped down. Now in a near panic, Andrew starts to thrash about wildly.

Mizore, who was the one sleeping on-top of Andrew, instantly woke when Andrew started to thrash around. She idly wondered when she had moved from her chair to Andrew's chest but put that to the back of her mind as she had a thrashing solider to deal with. "Andrew! Andrew! You have to wake up Andrew!" she yelled as she shook him by the shoulders. It wasn't doing the trick, so she did the only thing she could think of, she slapped him.

The resounding smack from flesh striking flesh finally broke Andrew from his panic. His head had been turned from the force of the slap, so he slowly turned back to looking at Mizore. He looked into her eyes and saw the barely contained concern and sorrow within them. Andrew then realized that it was Mizore that was the one giving off the numbing sensation and was responsible for the weight on his chest. He looks down at his arms and finds them bound by ice; he can only assume that his legs are as well.

He looks back at Mizore who had not moved from her spot after slapping him, "Mizore?" he breaths softly. Mizore looked deeply into Andrew's eyes for a time and did something neither of them expected, or in Mizore's case believed she could do. She bent down

and planted a kiss on Andrew's lips. Andrew could only lay in shock, with his eyes wide. Slowly his body goes on autopilot as it kisses back, while his brain is shut down. Eventually, Mizore ends the kiss and pulls away, continuing looking down at Andrew.

With dawning realization and horror, Mizore thinks back on what she's done. Like a frightened deer or rabbit she leaps off of Andrew and bolts out the door. Andrew watches her go unable to comprehend what happened or attempt to follow. He lay in his, what he now recognized as a hospital or infirmary, bed, just staring at the ceiling, not understanding what had happened or why.

The next few days were just one big blur for Andrew. Various nurses and doctors visited him checking vitals, seeing how he was doing, the typical routine of an infirmary. Of course he wasn't the only patient in the infirmary. The wounded from the Sangheili's attack were there as well. As he lay he could count upwards of a dozen people were in the infirmary with him. Most of them were being treated for plasma burns, a few others were being treated for shell shock. Andrew could only shake his head; he remembered seeing those exact faces on his fellow soldiers. Now though, seeing it on civilian faces, it was worse. They didn't have any military training to help offset the emotions, feelings or thoughts. It would take a long time for them to recover.

Tsukune and his harem visited him several times throughout his stay, though Moka was not with them when they did. Other than when he had first woken up, Mizore was also conspicuously absent from their visits. He didn't really mind though, he needed the time to come to terms with what had happened as well and decide where he stood on the matter. On the one hand, he did like her maybe not that way but things were rarely boring with her around. However on the other hand he knew the bitter truth about people like him. Soldiers who joined up to fight the Covenant because that was all they had left. Their home taken, their families taken, nothing left but kill and be killed by the very thing that had taken everything else from them.

Well, it was still early, and those thoughts only lead to depressing topics. Eventually, the nurses declared him fit to return to classes, provided he avoided any fighting whatsoever. With his previous clothes destroyed in his fight with the Sangheili, he was now dressed in the Academies uniform as he made his way down the halls of the Academy towards the Headmasters office. He paused at a window and looked upon a sight that he was familiar with but was totally alien to the residents of Youkai Academy.

The dead students of Youkai were lined up in a row with white sheets covering their faces, girlfriends and family members crowded around them as they wept for their fallen loved ones. Andrew made a face and continued walking on, 90% of the time post a battle with the Covenant where he was from you didn't even get that. You just heard about how the Covenant attacked another Colony and then the casualty lists would become available. Most of the time you never got a body back that you could bury.

Andrew shook his head to clear his thoughts as he arrived at the door to the Headmasters office. He took a deep breath, and pushed the doors open.

He was met with the raised voices of at least 6 different

individuals. All the noise instantly silenced when the doors were opened, as they turned to look at the individual responsible for interrupting them. Andrew sized them up just as they were sizing him up. The woman on the far left was dressed in a pale kimono with a floral pattern adorning it. He got a chill when she laid eyes on him and he instantly made the connection. 'That must be Mizore's mother.' he thought.

The woman just to the right of Ms. Shirayuki was a woman with the largest bust he had ever seen. And it was obvious that she knew that with the way too small red dress that barely contained anything. He made another connection just on that alone. 'Well I guess I found out where Kurumu gets her looks.' he thought wryly.

To the right of her was a couple dressed in capes and pointed hats. It was so easy to see who they were the parents of. 'And that would be Yukari's parents.' he thought with a slight tinge of envy.

To their right was a man dressed in regal attire though it was a little out of date. Well, that wasn't saying much considering that he was from around 500 years into the future. 'And that would be Moka's father.' he thought.

And in the center, sitting behind his desk was the Headmaster himself, Tenmei Mikogami. He had been rubbing his temples to ease the headache that had sprung up from being talked to by 5 different people. Well, yelled at, would be the more appropriate wording. Andrew shifted his gaze between them once more then made his way to the only open chair in the office, which, if he was honest with himself, was probably placed there for him. As he began to sit the wound on his chest flared, causing him to grab his chest and grimace at the pain. The group in front of the Headmaster raised their eyebrows in question at his action, but thought nothing of it and turned their focus back to the Headmaster.

"Mr. Sampson, it's good to see you up and about." he said with genuine happiness lacing his voice. "How are you feeling?" he asked, again with genuine concern lacing his voice. Andrew shifted slightly so that pressure wouldn't be placed on any of his injuries before he replied. "All things considered? I'm just happy that I wake up every morning." he replied. He took a deep breath and looked into those glowing orbs that were the Headmaster's eyes. "All right old man, how badly were we hurt?" he asked.

Mikogami dropped his gaze to his desk before he answered Andrew. "9 dead, with 27 injured, including yourself." he replied softly. Andrew let out a breath he hadn't realized he had been holding. "Well, that's a lot better than I would have thought." he said after a moment. Mikogami wasn't quiet fast enough to head off the outburst that followed that statement. All the mothers in the room rounded on him.

"HOW CAN YOU SAY SOMETHING LIKE THAT?!" Kurumu's mother screamed at him. She twisted in her seat to more directly glare at him. "9 children are dead with another 27 of them with burns that their natural healing abilities almost can't heal!" she continued. She took a breath, which allowed one of the other mothers to take a turn with him. "As much as I wish too, I cannot disagree with the Walking Boob Monster. If this had been one of our villages, the deaths of those 9 children would be felt by the entirety of it." Mizore's mother said.

Kurumu's mother made a noise of indignation at being called a Walking Boob Monster but otherwise kept silent.

Andrew looked at the faces of the others in the room. Though they didn't say anything, the expressions on Yukari and Moka's parents signified that they followed the same thought process. He looked down, his bangs covering his eyes as he took a deep breath. "Yes, well, when you come from a history where the casualties are damn near 95%, and this was on victories mind you, then you can see how only losing 9 with 27 wounded is very good in my books." he said softly.

Moka's father's expression didn't change but on the inside he was reeling. '95% casualties?! After a victory?!' he yelled in his head. The others in the room were less composed after this revelation. Kurumu's mother, who had stood so she could yell at Andrew more effectively, slumped back into her chair, too in shock to do much else. Mizore's mother's face didn't change overtly but the widening of her eyes was the equivalent of what Kurumu's mother did. The witch and the wizard could only stare in shock at Andrew, their minds already working on this new information. Mikogami only stared at Andrew with sad eyes, or they would have been sad if their glow went out and you actually saw his eyes. As it was their glow dimmed considerably.

Andrew turned his attention from the shocked parents back to Mikogami. "You know as well as I do that this isn't over." he said with finality in his voice. Tenmei nodded gravely. "Then you know what I want, no need in order to save this school and the planet." Andrew continued. Moka's father could no longer keep quiet. "You think that there are more of them." it wasn't a question. Andrew turned to him "Dozens more where that bastard came from." he answered. The following silence was deafening. Andrew turned back to Tenmei "I'm going to need equipment, weapons, armor and bodies to fill it." he said, slightly hesitating with the last part.

Tenmei nodded gravely, but was interrupted by a sudden outburst. "Wait, wait, wait, are we actually going to trust this boy's word? I find it hard to believe that there are more of them and that they pose such a large threat to this school, especially with a Dark Lord as the Headmaster of it." said Moka's father.

If the silence before was deafening, then this silence could have been heard throughout the school. Andrew's bangs cast a deep shadow over his eyes hiding them from view. He stood shakily, so as to not upset his chest. He started to remove his Blazer, dress shirt and his tie, causing both Mizore and Kurumu's mother's to blush. Tenmei, knowing where this was going, only sat in silence. Andrew threw his dress shirt away and stood bare chested in Tenmei's office.

The women stared in shock and horror at his scars while the men only had grim expressions on their faces. The most prominent scar was an angry red one that ran from his right hip up to his left shoulder, were another angry red scar sat, though this one was a circular one. "You think that your 'Dark Lord' will be able to protect this school? Tell that to the families and loved ones of the nine dead people lying in a row with sheets draped over their bodies, or to the twenty seven people currently in the infirmary fighting to stay alive." he said. "And to answer your other question on how I know there are more? The answer is simple. I brought them with me." he

continued

Andrew then went into his back story, and the H-CW, omitting several personal facts. By the end of it, everyone in the room was silent. Even Moka's father, who despised everything human, could only look in awe at the boy, no young man before him. Tenmei looked at him with something between pity and pride. Here was a man who had lost everything and bounced back to become something even greater. Though, he did catch some subtle hints. What those hints were hinting at he didn't exactly know however he would be keeping a closer eye on him from now on.

"What are you going to need in order to protect this school?" he asked. Andrew looked back at Tenmei after redressing. "Towards the end of the war, I started carrying a data cache in my helmet. I didn't know why at the time but I filled it with the technical specs for the standard load-out of the UNSC Marine. Now, well, it almost seems like I was preparing to come here." he said. Andrew thought for a moment, returning to his seat. "The weapons, armor and equipment is going to be the easy part. I'm sure you have ways of acquiring or creating anything I need, however, the hard part will be getting volunteers." he continued.

"I can work on volunteers later, I'll get you the information as soon as I can get my armor and helmet so that you can start getting me what I need." he said, waving off his earlier comment. "If that's all, Headmaster?" he asked. Tenmei nodded and Andrew stood and left the room. Once the doors were closed, the people who were still inside turned their attention back to Tenmei. "His story is certainly fantastical, and if he is to be believed, it was one horrifying and traumatizing experience." said Moka's father. The others in the room shot him dark looks. "You can make up a story like that, not with that much emotion behind it." spoke up Kurumu's mother. "I agree." said Mizore's mother, which shocked everyone in the room. It was almost unheard of when and/or if those two ever agreed on anything. "He did not tell us everything, though what he left out was probably just personal information. But what he did tell, throughout his story his eyes never wavered, I have never seen such pain and sorrow in anyone before." she said.

The group was in silence after that, not trusting their voices after such revelations. Finally, it was broken by Tenmei as he cleared his throat. The five parents in front of him looked at him, breaking out of their own thoughts. "Today has been an emotional one, go, and be with your children." he said softly. They stood slowly and exited Tenmei's office. He let out a ragged breath that he hadn't realized he had been holding and looked out his window. 'Things just keep getting more interesting by the day.' he thought sadly.

Andrew cautiously made his way through the silent halls of Youkai Academy. He lost track of where he was going and found himself back at the infirmary where he found the remains of his armor piled up next to the very bed he was in, that now was occupied with another wounded student. He grabbed the pile and left the infirmary, not wanting his own memories of being in such a place to return. After leaving the infirmary, he made his way to his dorm room. Intent on getting the data cache to the Headmaster so that he could start delivering the materials needed to defend the school.

It was while he was walking that he noticed a chill run down his

spine and heard a slight gasp from behind him. Taking a deep breath and slowly letting it out he spoke. "Hello Mizore." he said just loud enough to be barely considered a whisper. He turned to catch her stepping out from behind a bush, though he felt another chill wash over him, though this time it was more pronounced. "And Mrs. Shirayuki, nice to see you again." he said. The older Yuki-onna stepped out from the same bush "How were you able to tell I was there?" she asked head tilted in curiosity.

"I'll give you the same answer I gave to your daughter when she asked me that same question. Paranoia has its uses." he answered simply. She nodded sadly "And it's Ms, I'm not married anymore." she said, with a wistful tone to her voice. "You have my condolences, Ma'am." he said inclining his head slightly. Her cheeks gained a little color from the way he addressed and she had to avert her eyes. "Please, call me Tsurara, Ma'am makes me feel old." she said. He nodded "Is that all ladies?" he asked politely. Tsurara nodded, while Mizore did nothing. "In that case have a good day." he said as he turned and continued to walk to his dorm room.

The two ladies watched him go, when he turned a corner Tsurara turned her head to look at her daughter. "Was that him?" she asked. Mizore didn't bother answering but she nodded her head all the same. Tsurara nodded sadly and turned to go down the hall away from where Andrew had gone. "Come on Mizore, we have some things we need to discuss." she said over her shoulder. Mizore continued to look at the spot Andrew had disappeared from for a short time after her mother called her, then turned to follow her mother down the hall.

Andrew eventually made it to his room, where he stripped out of his Academy uniform and took a shower. After his shower, with his towel around his waist, he went over to his desk where he had placed the remains of his armor. Sitting in the chair he sorted through the pile of burnt, melted metal until he found what he was looking for. He pulled the damaged helmet out of the pile and examined it.

It wasn't as damaged as his armor was but still with the cracked faceplate and dented cranial, it was almost useless for its original purpose. He smiled ruefully as he remembered how many times the helmet had been damaged in his relatively short stay in Youkai. Andrew pushed those memories away and looked inside the helmet itself. There it was the little spot in his helmet where he stored the data cache. He stuck his fingers inside and pulled it out, careful to not damage it on the helmet itself. But then he thought back to how much damage the helmet had sustained and decided that if it had survived, then it was stronger than he gave it credit for.

He finally managed to gimmy it out of the helmet and held it in his hand. It was about the size of those chips that held the smart AIs, though it couldn't hold that much information on it. Still, it was good for what he was using it for, now he just needed to get it to the Headmaster. He idly wondered how he was going to transfer the information into a way for the Headmaster to interpret, but he figured that the Headmaster would find a way. Closing his hand into a fist, he opened his closet to find something he could wear that wasn't the school's uniform. Alas, it seemed the Fates had it out for him today, for there was nothing in his closet except spare Academy uniforms, and with his armor damaged almost beyond repair, he was limited to the uniform.

He sighed heavily as he donned the uniform; he still didn't like the color scheme or the overall look of it. He waited a minute. He turned back to look in his closet and damn near whooped in joy. His coat was still hanging where he had left it; however long ago he had fought the PSC. He threw off the blazer that he had put on and donned his trench coat instead, reveling in the feel of it. He looked back at his armor and started sorting through it to actually see what was damaged and what wasn't.

After about 20-30 minutes of searching, and separating he had two different piles. In the pile to his left were all of the damaged pieces and in the pile to his right were all of the undamaged pieces. The pieces in the left hand pile consisted of his chest piece, left pauldron, and helmet. The right hand pile consisted of his leg armor, right arm, back piece, and left arm minus the left pauldron. He put his leg armor on, and then looked at the remaining pieces.

An idea came to him then; why not armor his coat? He could weave the back piece into the back of the coat and then stitch the arm pieces into the arms of the coat. Granted it would take time and material that he didn't currently have, but at least he now had a project to keep him busy in his off time while organizing the school's defense. He strapped his weapons onto his legs, grabbed the chip, and left his room. Ideas running around inside his head as he walked.

Andrew was almost back to the Headmaster's office when he paused and tilted his head back, just in time to avoid a shard of ice. He looked to his right where the shard had come from and saw a sight that made him shake his head in exasperation. Tsurara and Kurumu's mother, who he idly remembered that he hadn't gotten the name of, actually now that he thought about it, he hadn't introduced himself to the people in the office, nor had they been introduced to him, were fighting and they had already torn up a pretty good section of the area they were fighting in.

Tsurara's hands had turned into ice claws and her hair had morphed into ice as well. While the busty woman's nails had grown to about a foot long and she had sprouted a tail with a spade on the end and a pair of wings. The object of their clash was standing about 20 feet from the fight being hung onto by Moka and Kurumu, while Mizore stood off from them a short distance and Yukari hung off of Tsukune's back like a cape. Moka's father stood behind the four of them with both an amused and annoyed expression on his face. It was rather quick for Andrew to figure out what both annoyed him and amused him.

He was amused with the fight between the two grown women, though Andrew knew that this wasn't like the 'girl fights' back home. And the only thing that Andrew could think of that would annoy him, the fact that his daughter, a super vampire, was hanging off of Tsukune like some kind of fan girl. Well she wasn't really hanging off of him so much as holding his arm like Kurumu was doing to his other arm.

Andrew shook his head and was about to leave the two women to their fight when Kurumu's mother body checked Tsurara and she flew at him. Before he could do much more than curse Tsurara slammed into him and they both slammed into the wall behind them. Tsurara climbed up and shook the hit off like it didn't happen and rushed forward to rejoin the fight. Andrew on the other hand didn't, he continued to lay on the ground in pain from the two hits when he felt something warm and

wet on his chest. He put his hand to his chest and when he drew it back it was covered in blood.

When Tsurara had hit him it had opened his main wound that he had gotten from the Sangheili. He slowly stood, his bangs covering his eyes from view. Andrew then slowly started walking forward, towards the two fighting women. They had just disengaged from a short melee and were a good distance away from each other. They stared each other down for a moment, then, wordlessly, they charged. The two women were 10 feet from each other and coming hard when they both heard a _snap-hiss_ and twin beams of energy appeared in front of both women, who had to back-peddle hard in order to avoid being impaled.

"Enough!" a voice said that everyone had heard before. They turned their heads to get a look at the person who had stopped the fight. Andrew stood before them, energy swords aimed at the two women who were about to continue their fight if he hadn't intervened. "You two are fighting like bitches in heat." he said evenly. There was a sharp intake of breath by everyone around. "You don't talk about my mother like that!" Kurumu yelled, letting go of Tsukune's arm and taking a step forward raising her hands in front of her.

Andrew shifted his gaze to her and she shivered slightly under it. "How old are you Kurumu?" he asked suddenly. "Whaâ€¦" she was slightly thrown for a loop by the out of the blue question. "I asked; how old are you?" he asked again. "15." she answered. Andrew nodded and looked to his left where Kurumu's mother was. "When I was your age, my mother was killed in front of meâ€¦" he looked back at Kurumu, "I joined the Marines after that to get back at the monsters responsible for that. I wonder what you would do if the same thing were to happen right now." he said conversationally, like he was talking about the weather rather than killing Kurumu's mother.

Kurumu recoiled as if struck and Ageha turned her attention from Andrew to her daughter. Tsurara and her own daughter didn't say anything, but they did turn their attention to each other. Andrew let his swords drop to his sides and deactivated them, then turned his attention onto Tsukune. "And you!" he said stepping towards Tsukune. "You are the main cause of all this." he swung his arm wildly to indicate the situation. Tsukune couldn't meet Andrew's eyes and looked at the ground. "All because you don't want to make the decision on whom you want to spend your life with." he said with venom.

Tsukune flinched and kept his head hung low. "That's not a nice thing to say." Moka said, coming to Tsukune's defense. Andrew turned to her now, "That's what you say, but let's see what the psycho has to say." he said as he grabbed Tsukune's hand and had him remove the rosary. After a moment, which allowed the people in the group to get accustomed to the weight of Inner Moka's Youkai, she opened her blood red eyes. She looked at Andrew then at Tsukune then back. "He's right." she said after a moment of silence. Then turned back to Andrew, "And I don't really appreciate the psycho comment." she said to him. Andrew shrugged his shoulders "Meh" he said dismissively.

"I just don't want to hurt any of the girls' feelings." Tsukune said softly. Andrew rolled his eyes "A real man would never have allowed himself to get in this situation in the first place." he looked at

Kurumu, "What do you want?" he asked. She looked startled for a second then looked at Tsukune "If I can't be his wife, I'll settle for mistress." she said after a moment to think it over. Andrew nodded then looked at Moka but didn't wait for her to say anything. "And you would never allow yourself to be second to anyone." he said simply. Moka said nothing but nodded slowly after a moment. Andrew then looked at Yukari who had slid off of Tsukune's back and was standing next to him. "The best you can hope for at this point is to wait a few years and become another mistress." he said. Yukari nodded, she had already figured out what he was doing and what he was going to say to her.

Andrew turned to look at Mizore but she spoke before he could as well. "I have my eyes set on someone else." she said simply. Andrew nodded, he had a very good idea who this other person was but didn't comment. He looked back at Tsukune who was trying to burn a hole in the ground with his eyes. "So this is how this plays out. You marry Moka after proving yourself worthy of being called her mate, take Kurumu and later down the road Yukari as mistresses. And don't even give me that look old man, vampires are the top of the food chain, I'm sure you have a few mistresses around that your dear daughter doesn't know about." he said, cutting off the comment from Issa before he could even fully form it. "There problem solved, the girls get what they want, and you stop pussyfooting around with your decision." he said cheerily as he turned his gaze back to Tsukune.

Tsukune still hadn't changed his posture, if anything his shoulders had slumped as Andrew had laid out his life for him. Finally, he couldn't take anymore. Tsukune clenched his fists and stared defiantly in Andrew's face. "How can you just decide how we're going to live our lives? What gives you the right to decide that, did you even actually take the girls feelings into account?" he asked angrily but also foolishly. Everyone shifted their gaze between Tsukune and Andrew waiting with bated breath for what was to come. "If you had been paying attention instead of feeling sorry for yourself about how much of a pussy you are you would have heard me. I asked what Kurumu wanted; she said she would settle for mistress. Moka is the top of the local food chain so to speak, there for she would never accept being anything less than your wife. Yukari, well Yukari is Yukari, I bet she'd be happy for the rest of her life if she could simply say that she was the future mistress of Tsukune Aono, and fuck toy of Moka Akashiya. Because that's what both of them would be. Mistresses of you and if Moka pleases they would be her fuck toys. That is the reality of this world boy, but if you're too much of a pussy to admit that then you need to just goâ€¦" he didn't get to finish as a throb of pain cut him off.

Andrew suddenly remembered that his wound had opened and he dropped to a knee, one hand holding him up, the other covering his chest. At that point both Moka and Issa caught the scent of Andrew's blood as his shirt was covered in it. How either of them had missed that was anybody's guess, though it was probably because Andrew was such a good speaker. Mizore was the first to act; she dropped down next to him and laid Andrew out on the ground, opening his coat and shirt so that she could see the wound.

As soon as she saw it she had to stifle sob, she hadn't seen the wound the first time when she and Moka carried him to the infirmary. So now looking at it, she couldn't help but get choked up. 'He was so

close to dying that day.' she thought. Mizore looked at it and did the only thing she could think of, she froze it. "We have to get him back to the infirmary." she said, as she closed up his shirt and jacket. Surprisingly it was Issa that nodded, he reached down, grabbed Andrew and gently threw him over his shoulder as he marched towards the school.

The others followed but Tsurara waited for a moment then looked at the ground where he had fallen. There was the data chip that Andrew was going to give to the Headmaster so that he could start preparing the school's defenses. She bent down, picked it up and walked into the school, making her way to the Headmaster's office.

She gave the data chip to the Headmaster's secretary and told her that he needed to get that as soon as possible. The secretary nodded and Tsurara turned to go to the infirmary where everyone else was. She arrived just as the nurse on duty had bodily shoved everyone out of the infirmary mumbling about stupid people disturbing her patients or something along those lines as she did so. After the nurse had returned to the infirmary, soundly slamming the door shut to make a point of no visitors, everyone just kinda spread through the waiting room.

It was during this time that Issa turned to look at his daughter. She was still in her unsealed state, but he could detect a slight undercurrent of worry in his daughter's features which was uncharacteristic for her. "You realize that even if the boy proves himself to you, I will never give my blessing." he said finally. Moka turned sharply to look at her father with eyes slightly wider than they were before. Tsukune also turned to look at Issa with wide eyes and questioning.

"Because you're human."

****DUN DUN FUCKIN DUN!** What's up ma biznatches? I have returned, cue the mass celebrations. So, I do believe that this is the longest chapter in The New Storm story but I could be wrong. Fuck it, I don't care. I'm sure all of you are going to be happy for a new chapter. So, not much really happened this chapter, but don't worry it's all a setup for the next one. ;) Review as you see fit. Love ya fuckers.

8. Chapter 8

****Author's Note:****** Soâ€¦ it's been awhile hasn't it? I've probably made a bunch of you guys angry at me for making you wait forever for this chapter and I have no real excuses, except for that one time when my computer decided that it was going to update and restart and deleted all my progress on this chapter. Lady Muse was not happy with that one bit so she decided to take a long break. Now she is back and we will get this out to the good people of Fanfiction to enjoy. Now that that shit is taken care of I have a question for you ravenous bastards. No doubt you've all noticed that Moka, or at least Inner Moka, is pulling away from Tsukune and is gravitating to Andrew. Now my question for you people is, Should Andrew get both Mizore and Moka or not? Let me know in your reviews. On with the story dammit.******

You could have heard a pen drop and it would have sounded like a bomb going off in the silence that ensued from Issa's comment. Tsukune

felt his heart rate quicken and he broke out in a cold sweat. Kurumu subtly shifted so that she was in a better position to spring to Tsukune's defense. Yukari readied her most powerful spells so that she was ready for if Issa so much as moved. Surprisingly, or not depending on your perspective, none of the parents got into any type of combat ready stance and neither did Moka.

Tsukune rubbed the back of his head nervously and shifted so that he was in a better position to bolt if it came to that. "W-what are you talking about, I'm not a human—he-he-he." he asked with a stutter. Issa just stared at him impassively "Do not insult my intelligence, boy. I am far too old for someone like you to convincingly lie to. Besides your human stench is overwhelming, how no one has been able to discover you before now I have no idea." he replied with a biting tone in his first statement and moved into a reproachful tone at his second statement.

Tsukune's tone soon turned accusatory "Hey, what about Andrew? He's human too." he said in an obvious attempt at shifting Issa's attention away from himself. Issa regarded Tsukune for a moment as if contemplating whether or not he was worth giving his reason too. "While that may be true he has two things that you lack. The first is a spine and the second is the smell of death." he said after a short time. "That boy has seen death and destruction on a level I can't even begin to imagine and I've watched a thousand years' worth of wars between the various Youkai races and humanity, Youkai races between themselves, and humans fighting humans." he explained. He then took on a contemplative stance and held it for a few minutes.

He eventually nodded to himself as if coming to a conclusion. "In all my years he is the first human to gain my respect as a warrior and my approval." That statement instantly put a stop to all the thoughts anyone may have been thinking at that moment. Moka could do nothing to hide the shock and astonishment on her face. "Are you serious father?" she asked softly. Issa only nodded in response. Nobody else could form a coherent thought or words at that point.

It wasn't rare, just very uncommon for Issa to declare his respect for someone as a warrior. Up until that point it had never been a human, it had always been other vampires or other exceedingly powerful Youkai. It was unheard of for him to give his approval for anyone though; and never before had anyone, vampire or otherwise, been gifted with both Issa's respect and approval.

In fact at one point he had declared that he would never bestow that honor on anyone and if he did he would allow that person to marry one of his daughters, however, he had adamantly sworn that he would never even consider bestowing any type of honor on a human.

One of the younger vampires had asked him what he would do if he ever did find a human who he would bestow that honor on. Thinking that it was an event that would never come to pass, he had flippantly declared that if it were to happen he would adopt the human into his family. That had caused a massive stir in the Youkai world and some of the more ambitious vampires scoured the world to find a human that would garner Issa's favor, while other Youkai attempted to gain Issa's favor themselves.

Issa had gone along with it because it amused him how with a single

statement he had thrown the Youkai world into chaos. He sent each and every single one of the people who showed up on his doorstep on utterly impossible situations and suicide missions. None of them ever returned; eventually the fervor died down and people began to forget about Issa's statement.

Now, legends and myths that Ageha, Tsurara, Tamanori, and Fujiko grew up with about the coming of human who would end millennia of oppression and secrecy and bring about a golden age jumped to the forefront of their minds.

But before that particular train of thought could build up steam, the nurse exited the infirmary and derailed it. Before she could even say anything or even move very far from the door Mizore practically teleported in front of her. "Is he going to be ok?" she asked. The nurse sighed and pulled off her bloody gloves. "He'll live, he'll have a pair of new scars go augment his collection but otherwise he'll be fine he's resting now, and yes you can see him just keep your voice down." she replied.

Mizore barely gave a nod before she was through the door and looking around for Andrew. When she finally found him she gave a small whimper. He was lying on a bed with fresh bandages across his chest. There was a diagonal line of red that stretched from his right hip up to his left shoulder.

She looked up at his face and noticed how pale he was compared to how he normally looked with a pained grimace marring his features. Mizore set her hand on Andrew's wound and willed her icy aura to spread from her hand and into the wound. A slight blue hue started to spread from her hand, covering the wound. When she looked back up to his face, she noticed that his grimace was fading and his face took a more neutral look.

Sighing she kicked off her shoes and climbed up on top of Andrew and snuggled into his warmth. What she wasn't expecting was for his arms to encircle his waist and pull her tighter to himself. The absolutely faintest of smiles graced his features and it had the power to light up his entire face in bliss. She smiled as well and settled down to one of the most restful sleeps in her entire life.

Back outside, everyone had watched the interactions between the sleeping Andrew and Mizore. "Is this sort of thing normal?" she asked. "Mizore sleeping on Andrew? Yes. Andrew pulling her closer? No." Moka replied. Issa nodded, then looked at the nurse expectantly. She glanced at him and sighed "Alright, so I wasn't entirely truthful with the girl." she said. Everyone turned startled eyes onto her "He's not going to die, right?" Moka asked with a hint of steel in her voice.

The nurse looked a might bit nervous at Moka's words "Well noâ€¦" she began. At that everyone turned their gazes onto the nurse. She started to fidget with the combined weight of the gazes of two super-vampires, two succubae, two snow-women, and three witches. "W-well he's not going to die. I know that for sure, however, there were other complications." she explained and broke out into a cold sweat as the glares intensified.

"You have exactly 5 seconds to explain yourself before I decide your services are no longer required." Issa spoke slowly and venomously.

Now with all the heated glares and Issa's threat hanging over her, fear began to creep into her eyes as a shiver ran down her spine. "T-there is a tremendous amount of scar tissue which pegs him as human or a very weak monster. Either way, I had to use human healing techniques to get the slash across his chest closed. The best I could do for the burn on his shoulder was to put some burn salve on it and bandage it up." she explained with a twinge of fear coloring her voice.

She took a deep breath and continued on. "In all honesty, he shouldn't have been up and moving when he was, nor allowed to bleed that much, and I can't do a blood transfusion because either none of the human blood is compatible with him or the Youkai blood would end up turning him into something horrible. On the same token, I've noticed that his body is exhausted; that is not helping his chances of survival. The best we can do is hope for the best and pray he manages to pull through this intact; this forced rest should do wonders for him." she continued.

Her nervous gaze passed over everyone in the hallway outside the infirmary. One by one the various people waiting outside the door left. The adults to consult their various leaders and/or shaman, the kids leaving to think further on Andrew's words; with Tsukune re-thinking his lot in life. Once they had all left only Issa and the nurse remained. He didn't say anything for a moment; just as the nurse was beginning to inch away Issa caught her by the throat and slammed her against the wall.

He turned blood red eyes onto her struggling visage and her face betrayed the complete and utter terror she was feeling. "Listen to me very carefullyâ€|" he began. "You had better pray that my son survives or else this school will be looking to replace a nurse and I'll have gained a new slave. And the existence as said slave will be mostâ€|unpleasant." he finished in a deathly quiet tone.

The nurse could only nod as her face began to turn red then purple then finally settling on blue. Once he was convinced that the nurse had gotten the message he released her and she slumped to the ground spluttering and coughing and sucking in giant lung filling gulps of air. Issa strode away, already mentally preparing himself for the shit-storm that was going to hit all because he had believed that no human would ever be able to gain his favor.

The nurse continued to sit and breathe deeply long after Issa had left. Finally after a long minute she had finally managed to get her breathing under control and shakily stood, leaning heavily on the wall as she did so. After regaining her balance she reentered the infirmary and began to search for Andrew's bed. Once she found it she breathed a breath of relief as she noted that his chest was still rising and falling. She also noted that Mizore had not moved from her spot and Andrew a little bit more color to his face than when she had first operated on him.

She contemplated waking Mizore and asking her to leave but she thought better of that and left them alone. Nodding to herself that her patient was alive and well considering, she checked on the other patients. Once that was finished she left the infirmary and settled in her room on her bed and fell instantly asleep from the exhausting day.

****Author's Note:****** So it's not my longest chapter but I just couldn't figure out how to continue this train of thought considering that I have gotten exactly zero sleep at all. Besides you people have been waiting forever for this so here it is. TAA DAA**

9. Chapter 9

****Author's Note:** So an interesting twist was introduced last chapter. I'm sure you're all wondering why I did that and I can honestly say, that I didn't. That part of the story wrote itself and I had almost no control over how that played out so yeah. On to other things, I have no idea how this chapter will play out but that's what makes writing fun. When you just plop down and let the story write itself. Here we go!**

Once again Andrew felt the distinct chill associated with Mizore resting on his chest as he regained consciousness. What was different this time, was that he felt his arms around her rather than tied down to the sides of the bed. Shrugging that thought off for the moment, he took mental stock of himself. The only thing that was different was that his chest, even through the chill that Mizore provided, still felt sore. Considering he had reopened a wound delivered by a Sangheili, he was rather surprised that he didn't wake up dead.

Banishing those thoughts even farther than where he had sent his thought on Mizore he started to shift, alerting Mizore that he was awake. Mizore still rather deeply asleep scooted up closer to his head placed a small kiss on his cheek and rested her head back on his chest. "It's too early darling, go back to bed." she mumbled sleepily. Andrew was stunned yet again and found that once again that his mind had shut down. After a moment and allowing his brain to reboot, he cleared his throat rather loudly and removed his arms from around Mizore.

Feeling the loss of heat from around her mid-section and the rather loud noise next to her ear, Mizore blearily opened her eyes and they met a pair of blue eyes looking back at her. Her eyes widened as she played over the last few minutes in her mind. She blushed a dark red and bolted from the room, somehow snatching her shoes as she went.

Andrew watched her go with a less confused face than the last time this had happened. He sighed, he had figured out why Mizore was doing the things she was doing. She was in love with him, and obviously from this most recent encounter not some kind of school yard crush. She was, even if it was sub-consciously, imagining them after they had left the school. They had evidently married and were living together and for some years with the familiarity with which she used the 'darling' endearment.

That got him thinking; what would it be like if he did manage to settle down and it was with Mizore. He closed his eyes and let his mind provide the scenario.

They would live high in the mountains, where the snow never melted and she never had to have one of those suckers to survive. Though she would grow fond of them and keep one in her mouth anyway, when secretly she knew that it gave her a certain look that did things for

him that he could never quite control. Their house would be a log cabin affair, with bear skin rugs and mounted heads from the kills he made that kept them fed when the winter closed the roads. She would make it a habit to always have dinner in the pot and ready for when he came home from the self-defense class he taught at the Yuki-onna school, where he was also employed as the gym teacher. The instant he entered his home, a small blur would slam into him; he would wrap his arms around his son and swing him around with him laughing hysterically, asking him to go faster. Mizore would then enter with his daughter clutching her dress, giggle behind her hand and approach. He would settle their son on one side and give Mizore a kiss on the cheek when she came close enough while his daughter would rush out from behind Mizore and latch onto him.

Andrew opened his eyes and just sat on his bed trying to stop the tears that were threatening to fall. The sad fact of the matter was, that even though he could imagine a life after he left the school he knew for a fact that it would never happen. He was a soldier, the only soldier on this planet who had fought the enemy that was soon going to threaten it. Andrew knew deep in his gut that no matter how much he may wish it, he was going to die before the battle was over. Finally he couldn't stop a few tears from falling, leaving streaks on his face. Because he knew now why he was always relieved when she was around and why he could smile, such as it was in her presence. He had feelings for her, he didn't quite know how deep they went but if he could easily imagine them together after school then they obviously went deep indeed. Andrew wasn't afraid to admit that he had feelings for her, but he was terrified of admitting them to her. Because then he knew it would become more tangible if it was out.

Batting those thoughts away, he tenderly, because he didn't want to upset his injury any more than he had, wiped the tears from his face. Afterwards he simply lie there, allowing his emotions to calm before he ventured out into the world. Once he felt he had his emotions under control, he slowly and gently sat up and swung his legs off of the bed. He then slowly set his feet on the cold floor and very carefully started putting some weight on them. When pain didn't immediately shoot up his spine began putting more of his weight on his feet until he was standing straight and off of the bed.

He took a step and when his leg didn't collapse out from under him he took that as a good sign. Andrew looked around and found his clothes that he had worn the day before, though they looked clean as though someone had had them cleaned the day before. Shrugging his shoulders, he slowly stripped and donned his clothes. Once he was dressed he made his way to the door, which opened just as he was setting his hand on the handle.

He looked up in surprise at the utterly shocked look on the nurse's, who looked like she hadn't gotten a wink of sleep the night before, face. It was several moments before he nodded to her and squeezed by as he left. The nurse followed his progress until she couldn't see him anymore still with the shocked look on her face. After a moment to allow the knowledge that Andrew was up and walking just a day after re-opening his wound and losing so much blood, she leapt into action. She bolted after him fully intent on returning him to the infirmary before he opened his wound again and she became a slave to Issa. She shuddered violently at that thought and ran faster.

After a while and she still hadn't caught up to him she slowed to a

walk and began looking around frantically, eventually asking the surrounding students if they had seen Andrew walk by. The first few people hadn't seen him but she finally got a lead when an aide to the Headmaster told her that he had been stopped and summoned a few minutes ago. The nurse thanked the girl and dashed off, now with a direction she ran with renewed determination.

She arrived and barged through the doors to the Headmaster's office only to receive a chair to the face. Slamming onto the ground and seeing stars, her brain tried and failed to figure out why she had been hit in the face with a chair of all things. Once she stopped seeing stars she sat up to see the Headmaster laughing uproariously, while her target stood off to the side. He didn't look apologetic that he had hit her with a chair, if anything he looked at her like it was her fault she was hit with the piece of furniture.

Rubbing her aching forehead she stood slowly so that she wouldn't aggravate it. "Now that was the greatest display of reflexes I have seen in a very long time." Tenmei said after he had managed to get his breathing under control. The nurse growled and pointed an accusatory finger at Andrew. "You should be in bed, not chucking furniture at people. Why would you do that anyway?" she said with a growl, then asked with mild curiosity. Andrew just continued to stare at her. "It was the closest weapon I had at hand that would neutralize the threat, besides, you startled me." he said nonchalantly as he shrugged his shoulders.

The nurse could only stare at Andrew dumbfounded; he had thrown a chair at her, because he was neutralizing a threat and it was because she had startled him. She sighed exasperatedly and rubbed her forehead again. "That still doesn't explain why you are out of bed." she said, locking him with a piercing stare that she knew would cow the most hardened monster. What she failed to remember, was that Andrew had seen worse during his three year stint in the H-CW and that the medics there had far worse stares than she would ever be able to come up with. _'Though by the end of this battle she may have developed "The Stare".'_ he thought.

"I hate being cooped up for any amount of time, makes me feel vulnerable when I can't move." he explained to her accusation. Disregarding her for the time being, Andrew returned his attention back to the Headmaster and their previous discussion. "So when will the equipment be ready?" he asked. Tenmei rested his chin on his interlaced fingers while he rested his elbows on his desk. "I would say no more than two days at best before the uniforms were ready the weapons will take longer obviously. I would estimate that it would be a total of a week before everything was ready for use." he explained.

Andrew did some mental calculations, sighed and shook his head. "If that's the best you can do then I'll just have to live with it." he said. Tenmei nodded his head "It is for now, I'm sure after this first batch more will be available at decreasing intervals of time." he said. Andrew nodded "So now that we have the equipment problem worked out, we come down to the hard part. Finding bodies to use that equipment." he said. Tenmei nodded and looked back at the nurse who they had both forgotten for a moment. "You may go, I'll make sure he returns to the infirmary after our meeting." he said with an air of dismissal.

Taking the hint the nurse left the room, making sure to close the doors as gently as possible in order to avoid any more furniture being thrown at her. Once the doors were closed and they were confident she was gone they turned their attention back to each other. "You know you already have at least five recruits already lined up." Tenmei said after a moment. Andrew nodded "I know, Mizore would jump at the chance to be closer to me, Inner Moka would jump at the chance to try and show me up or just beat on me, Outer Moka would enjoy the chance to learn to defend herself, Kurumu would join just so that she could try and impress Tsukune, and he would join just to prove me wrong; though that's not entirely a bad thing." he said, listing out the reasons that those various people would sign on.

Tenmei nodded "And young Yukari?" he asked. Andrew shook his head "No frontline combat, if she can convince me to let her join at all. At best she would become a field medic performing triage on the edge of the battlefield." he explained. Tenmei nodded once again "And the rest of the student body?" he asked. Andrew thought for a moment "I would have to test their mettle, some people just aren't cut out to be soldiers but that doesn't mean they can't become medics or some equivalent. But let me worry about getting a solid corps of NCO's trained up before I start thinking about an army." he replied.

Tenmei nodded again "Agreed, now I believe that you have an appointment with a rather stressing nurse." he said with some slight amusement. Andrew grimaced but said nothing as he stood and began walking toward the door. "Oh and Mr. Sampson." Tenmei called. Andrew turned with his hand resting on the door knob "Yes?" he asked. Tenmei's eyes weren't quite as bright as they normally were as they bored into his. "Try and live a little, being serious all the time isn't good for one's health." he said. Andrew only stared at him for a moment before opening the door and leaving.

As he made his way to the infirmary, Andrew pondered what the Headmaster had said as he was leaving. He knew that the Headmaster knew things that he probably shouldn't, so it wasn't really a stretch of the imagination for him to have picked up on his fatalistic thoughts and try to curtail them. He shook his head as he arrived at the infirmary and opened the door. The nurse was pacing just inside, obviously agitated, worried and stressing something fierce.

As soon as she heard the door open, she turned her gaze to him and locked him with a glare that did nothing to him, she simply pointed back to his bed. Andrew sighed, stripped down to his boxers and laid down on the bed, feeling his muscles relax and loosen up. The nurse appeared above him and took a moment to check his heart rate and blood pressure. Once completed, she put the information on a clipboard that was sitting next to the bed and turned her attention back to Andrew.

"As much as you may hate being in an infirmary, this is MY infirmary. So what I say goes, whether you're the Headmaster, God, or soldiers from another dimension." she said. Andrew just stared back at her blankly. "Right, now I'm ordering you a week of bed rest, then another week of light work, and I fully intend to make this stick even if I have to get your girlfriend to freeze you to your bed." she explained. Outwardly, Andrew didn't react to the girlfriend comment but on the inside, he was rolling it around. _'Mizore as my

girlfriend.'_ he thought.

Andrew had to admit, the thought did make his stomach warm in ways he hadn't felt since— all of a sudden all the painful memories of his family and the other world were brought back forcefully to the forefront of his mind and a new emotion made itself known; guilt. He hadn't thought about 'her' since his fight with the Sangheili, granted he had spent most of that time unconscious and he had plenty of things on his plate to begin with, but now confined to his bed and everything already taken care of up to that point, he couldn't stop thinking about 'her'.

He closed his eyes and racked his brain for an image of 'her'. After a moment it began to appear in series. 'Her' hair had been a light brown, flowing down to the middle of her back. 'She' usually wore it in a braid to keep it out of 'her' face when 'she' helped her father on their farm. 'She' had a cute button nose perfectly centered in a heart-shaped face. But the thing that stood out the most about her face were her eyes, for at the time, he had thought them the oddest color for eyes for anyone to have. They were a beautiful, bright amethyst.

More of 'her' began to materialize as he remembered more about 'her'. 'She' didn't have the massive, luscious, bright red lips like the "popular girls" did at the school. They were rather normal, with a natural, light pink coloration. Again, unlike the "popular girls" who had, and flaunted with tiny shirts, DD to E size breasts which if he was entirely truthful, they were probably fake, pumped up with a silicone compound that made them seem stretched. 'She' had a respectable C-cup and she usually wore t-shirts that didn't really show all that much cleavage. And unlike those "popular girls" who wore super-short skirts, or booty-shorts with tiny thongs, or sometimes nothing, and high heels that looked painful, 'she' wore baggie jeans with a leather belt and Sneakers. 'She' was shorter than him by about half a head, which made it rather easy for 'her' to rest 'her' head on his chest. But the most interesting thing about 'her' were 'her' hands. Their farms were next to each other, so they were always over borrowing tools or equipment, or over for dinner. He knew how much work 'she' put into 'her' and 'her' father's farm and yet somehow 'she' was able to avoid the typical result of hard work; rough calloused hands.

While his had become veiny and rough, 'hers' had remained soft and delicate. Which, when they had 'finally' confessed to each other, made holding hands rather uncomfortable for him. It also didn't help that his hands were so much bigger than 'hers'. Every time he had reached out to take 'her' hand he would hesitate, pull away and look at his hands, and sigh. 'She' would then giggle and put 'her' hand in his and squeeze. He would look up and 'she' would give him a look that was reproachful and a smile to take the bite out of it, usually followed by 'her' calling him a 'dope' and giving him a kiss on the cheek.

Andrew opened his eyes and once again his face was streaked with tears. The pain of 'her' loss and the feeling of guilt were both rather acute. There had been no body to recover when 'her' transport had been turned into so much expanding gas, and debris, and with so few survivors from their world, there had been a small turnout at the funeral. Of course, it was a mass funeral, all of them gathered to mourn the passing of not just their families and loved ones, but of

their planet and way of life.

He couldn't stop the tears as they fell nor did he want to. Somehow, letting them fall made the weight of his new burdens seem lighter. Eventually, the tears stopped, and he found that he was emotionally drained. With nary a sound, he simply allowed sleep to claim him. Falling into a deep sleep that for the first time since arriving, wasn't plagued with nightmares.

The next morning found him waking with the dawn and feeling better than he had in weeks. He felt revitalized, like he could run and fight for another three years non-stop. He looked around simply to find something to occupy his mind. The infirmary was still full of the wounded from the Sangheili's attack two or so days ago. Though it looked like the shell-shock cases were gone, so it wasn't overly crowded like it was when he was in here last. To his immediate left was a girl, she couldn't be older than fourteen. Her blazer and shirt were gone, replaced with bandages that covered her entire torso. The girl's breathing was uneven, ragged and shallow.

He had seen plenty of those type of injuries during his three years in the service. At least one plasma shot to the chest, most likely more covering her entire torso. One of her lungs was probably damaged as well considering her breathing. If she survived, she would carry the scars for the rest of her life as a permanent reminder of how close to death she had come.

Before Andrew could observe anything else about the girl to his left a high pitched tone sounded at the other end of the infirmary followed by several nurses rushing past. He let his head fall back down to his pillow, closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Soon enough the keening started of a grieving mother. Another family torn apart by a war they should have never been a part of. He watched with sad eyes as the mother was lead from the infirmary clinging to her husband for dear life and she let her emotions be known to the world. Her husband wasn't much better, though he wasn't wailing, the amount of emotion on his face and the tears that flowed from his eyes was clear enough.

Andrew clenched his fist so hard blood started to seep from his palm where his nails pierced his skin once the pain was out of sight. He turned to look at the girl and he was slightly surprised to see that her eyes were open and looking at him. Her expression was one of pain and sadness as she gazed at him. She reached her hand out and instinctively he grasped hers in his. "Iâ€|don'tâ€| (cough)â€|blameâ€|you." she said, wheezing and coughing as she did so. That's when her heart rate monitor flat lined as well, its angry high pitched tone cutting through the silence from the previous families passing.

Nurse's rushed in and began Cardiopulmonary Resuscitation, but Andrew knew it was already too late. The girl's wounds were just too great and apparently too foreign for any kind of healing factor to help. After a few moments the lead nurse shook her head just as the parents rushed in. catching the nurse shaking her head the mother let out a half-sob, half-scream as she rushed to her daughter and cradled her body to her own. Her husband eventually pulled her away as one of the nurses draped a white sheet over the girl's face.

Andrew's hand was still outstretched where the girl had held it for

the last time, her words having frozen him into inaction. Noticing this the mother rounded on him "Look what you've done, this is all your fault! You damn humans, all you do is bring pain and death where ever you go!" she screamed into his face. A resounding smack was heard throughout the infirmary as she slapped Andrew across the face.

Her anger fizzled out to tears once again and she ran out of the infirmary, covering her eyes as she did so. Her husband started after her, but he paused in the doorway to look back at Andrew. "She doesn't mean it, she's just a little emotional right now." he said then left. Andrew could do nothing except stare at where two newly torn apart families had rushed out of the infirmary. What the man had said, while meant to be reassuring, was false, it was his fault.

He had been the one to bring the Sangheili to this world, he hadn't been fast enough or aggressive enough to kill it before it could begin its massacre, and the worst part was that more were coming, more innocents were going to die, and every single one of those deaths were going to be on his head. Because ultimately, he had been the one to provide the perfect opening for those bastards to attack.

Andrew laid in his bed, just staring at the white ceiling. He barely even noticed when Mizore, Tsukune and his harem, and Issa entered the room. Before they even got a chance to talk, Andrew beat them too it. "The count's eleven dead and twenty-five wounded now." he said monotonously. Mizore and the rest of the girls covered their mouths in horror, Tsukune lowered his head in sadness and Issa simply stood stoically as he always did.

Mizore moved over to his side and set her hand on his shoulder, pushing her love, support, and chilling aura into him. Andrew's muscles loosened a bit, but were still rather tense. Before Mizore could do anything to help loosen his muscles further, Issa cleared his throat.

Once he was sure that he had everyone's attention he spoke. "Andrew Sampson." he said formally, causing all present to naturally straighten where they stood. "Many years ago I promised that if a human ever gained both my approval and respect I would adopt them into my family. I now make good on that promise." he continued. Issa then pulled a pendant out from his coat and looped it around Andrew's neck. "Welcome to the family son." he finished.

****Author's Note:** Well that was rather interesting. We had some humor, some tears and some other stuff though no fighting. Ok so answering some questions before they get asked. No Andrew will not become a vampire that would defeat the purpose that I had set in the last chapter. Yes he is going to be meeting the other sisters at some point soon, definitely within the next chapter or so. No they are not all going to become badasses in a short amount of time, they will be basically trained UNSC Marines at best. Yes some of them are going to have load-outs that they go into battle with. If you have any other questions, feel free to ask in your reviews. Rate and Review as you see fit. ******

****Author's Note:** So last chapter ended with Issa formally bringing Andrew into the fold. Let me reiterate, Andrew will not become a vampire due to the precedent I set two chapters ago as well as other reasons that are my own. This chapter will deal with meeting the family, the first week of Andrew's Boot Camp, and maybe even a certain trip to the human world. Well let's get this train wreck on the road shall we?******

No one moved, no one breathed as they waited for Andrew's response. Andrew's eyes never left the pendant that was on his chest, finally after a moment he looked up at Issa. "If you think that this means I'm going to start calling you 'Father' and that I'm going to just sedately follow any and all orders or rules you set forth you are in for a rude awakening." he said. Issa then did something no one thought he was capable of, he busted out laughing.

"You need not worry about that my boy, the rest of my children are just as headstrong. Though they follow my orders to the letter." he said after a moment to allow his laughing fit to die down. Andrew let his head fall back to his pillow and let out a sigh "When do I get the distinction of meeting the rest of the 'family'" he asked. "That depends, when are you cleared from here?" "A week." "Then you will meet your new sisters in a week. Until then, try and stay alive."

After their exchange, Issa left, leaving Moka, Tsukune, and the others alone with Andrew. Andrew shifted over on his bed which allowed Mizore to climb into it and lie next to him, allowing her aura to help him with the pain. Moka turned her attention away from the doorway that her father had left through and onto Andrew. "How long really?" she asked. Andrew sighed "A week of being contained to this bed, then another week of limited duty before I'm fully released." he replied.

Moka nodded before glancing back at the door where her father had left, then back at Andrew. "You're lucky, most people don't get away with saying things like that to my father." she said after a moment. Andrew chuckled "I'm not most people." he said. "Well I have a week in this hell hole and if you don't mind I would like to spend most of it dead to the world so, if you wouldn't mind?" he asked. Getting the queue Moka dragged the others from the room, leaving Mizore cuddled up against his side.

He turned his head to look at her "Now what I want you to doâ€¦" he began. "Is to lower my body temperature to the point that my body goes into a type of hibernative sleep. Essentially you will 'freeze' me until the last day that I'm going to be in thisâ€¦place, then you're going to 'thaw' me out so that we can go." he explained with the oddest grin on his face. "Don't worry, I've done this dozens of times." he reassured Mizore when she gave him a doubtful look. She nodded, still slightly unsure, but began lowering his body temperature anyway.

The machines that monitored Andrew started to beep frantically before Mizore destroyed them with shards of ice. Frost began to cover the door until it was completely frozen shut, locking everyone out of Andrew's room. For the entire rest of the week, no matter what anyone tried, no one could get into Andrew's room. Even when they brought in a flame monster, the ice on the door wouldn't melt.

On the final day of Andrew's week in the infirmary, the ice on the door began to melt, leaving behind a puddle of water, and a group of very anxious and worried people on the outside. As soon as enough ice had melted for the door to open, Moka, who had returned to being sealed sometime after leaving Mizore and Andrew alone, sent her leg kicking forward with more strength than she believed possible, surprising her and the group of people around her.

Of course with a kick like that it was no real surprise that the door was blasted off of its hinges and imbedded in the far wall. As they poured into the room, which was still covered in ice and frost, they saw that the door had imbedded sideways into the wall, damn near cutting the bed in half. Everyone was horrorstruck, though there was a distinct lack of bodies or blood. That is, until Andrew popped up from the other side of the bed holding a shaking Mizore who was eyeing the door like it was going to come alive and continue to try and kill them.

"THE FUCK?!" Andrew yelled indignantly. "Are you trying to kill me, again?" he asked with an exasperated expression on his face. "Once was plenty enough fuck you very much." he continued. Moka could only blush in embarrassment while she scuffed the floor with her shoe, while avoiding his gaze.

Keeping his eyes on Moka a bit longer to ensure that she was truly chastised, he turned his attention back to the slightly shaking girl in his arms. Her eyes were still glued to the door that had almost bisected the two of them at the waist if it hadn't been for Andrew's sixth sense and reflexes. Andrew waved his hand in front of her face but didn't get a reaction, he then shook her. When that didn't get a response either he thought back to the first time he had been nearly killed.

It had been his first time in combat against the Covenant since he had become a Marine and he had just been pulled back by his Sargent before a Plasma Ball from a Wraith tank had impacted exactly where he had just been. He had simply stared at the spot where he had almost died completely ignoring everything around him until his Sargent slapped him in the face. Turning to him with a shocked look on his face he asked him a simple question. 'Did you feel that?' he had asked. He had slowly nodded his head. 'That means you're still alive, remember, if you can still feel pain, you're still alive.' he had said.

Using the same principal as his Sargent, except slapping probably wasn't the way to do it this time, he pinched her arm rather forcefully, causing her to yelp and look at him in slight shock. His gaze bore into hers "Did you feel that?" he asked. She nodded "That means you're still alive, remember, if you can feel pain, you're still alive." he said to her dumbfounded look.

After ensuring that she had gotten his message he looked up to the others. They all had contemplative looks on their faces, while Issa simply nodded his head in acknowledgement of his proverb that he had lived by since that day.

He let them stew for a moment, thinking over his words when he directed his attention back to Issa. "It's been a week correct?" he asked. He nodded as everyone's attention was now on him. "Well then, let's not delay the meeting any longer." he said. At first everyone

was confused before recognition colored everyone's faces. Issa nodded again then motioned towards the pile of clothes that were sitting on a chair next to his bed. "Get changed then, I'll have the car come round to the front of the school when you're ready." he said then turned and left. One by one the others left as well as he moved over to the chair while pulling the hospital gown off of himself.

Now dressed in his trademark trench coat, cargo pants, boots, and shirt he felt ready to take on just about everything, except for one minor detail. None of his armor had been in the pile. I found that rather disconcerting, so I left the infirmary and made my way towards the dorms. Once there and in my room I found the complete armor set sitting in a pile on my bed. I snapped the leg armor, and arm armor on, then stared at the chest and back piece. Eventually I decided that I was going to forgo the chest and back armor.

Once satisfied and after performing a few various range of movement exercises, I checked the other pile on my bed. I counted out my SMG, with three extra mags, and the two energy swords. Figuring that I was only going to be meeting family, I decided to only bring one of the energy swords with me. Later I would ask myself why I had neglected to remember the fact that the family were vampires.

I stepped out of my dorm room and headed toward the front of the school, where sure enough, Issa had a Limo waiting with Tsukune and his harem and Mizore next to it. Issa had already climbed inside while Moka was saying goodbye to the others, I only had eyes for one person though.

We locked gazes and simply stared into each other's eyes for what felt like an eternity. "You had better come back in one piece." she said after a moment. I chuckled "I'll try my damndest." I replied with a lopsided grin on my face. She smiled though I noticed an odd look in her eyes, like she was warring with herself over something. I turned and made my way toward the Limo, following behind Moka as she entered.

I was just about to enter the Limo when I heard my name being called. I turned and found Mizore invading my personal space. If she had been intent on hurting me, my sixth sense would have gone off and I would have bisected her with the blade at my hip. But that wasn't important, what was, was the fact she was invading my personal space with a fire in her eyes. Before I knew what was happening she closed what remained of the distance between us and she locked lips with me.

I was shocked, beyond shocked that she had managed to find the inner strength to pull what she just did. From listening around the school, the various people had built Mizore's picture up as a very shy girl who would rather spy on you from the safety of a bush or tree or some other decent hiding spot. The kiss she planted on my lips, which I was beginning to return, completely blew that image away.

After a moment the kiss ended and she put the sucker back into her mouth with a coy smile on her face. "I'll be waiting." she said simply as she turned around and walked away, her hips swaying hypnotically side to side. My eyes followed her as she rounded a corner and I finally lost sight of her. I shook my head to clear my thoughts from the sexy snowflake that had just walked away.

I entered the Limo while everyone watched and settled into the rich leather seats for the ride. Moka had a look of shock on her face as she stared at me, while Issa had a thoughtful look on his as he looked me up and down. Feeling their gazes on me I let out a sad and tired sigh which caught Issa's attention quickly. "Is there something wrong?" he asked evenly. I let out another sigh before I answered "It's nothing, I'll deal with it later." I said.

He nodded but didn't seem convinced so I changed the subject. "How many sisters do I now have and what are they like?" I asked. Issa looked like he was thinking for a moment before he finally spoke. "You now have four sisters, you've met one already in Moka." he began. "She is the second youngest, the youngest, Kokoa, is a year behind Moka and adores her—well the released form anyway." he continued.

I was keeping count in my head. 'So, two younger sisters, one that's Bi-polar, and one that has a sister complex with the stronger version.' I thought. "Kahlua is the second oldest and has the mental age of a girl much younger than herself. She can almost always be found wearing long dresses and tiaras and trying to host tea parties and likes to play dress-up. The oldest, Akua, likes to dress in Chinese dresses as that is where she spent the last century, she is also the youngest physically but is definitely the oldest mentally." he finished.

I added the two newest to my mental count. 'So essentially a retard and chick that will probably have issues with being the smallest of her sisters.' I thought to myself. "Question." I said. Issa nodded and I continued "Is there anyone in this family that isn't in some way fucked up?" I asked tilting my head to the side in slight confusion. Issa had a drink held up to his mouth and was taking a drink when I asked my question and did a spit-take, while Moka simply stared at me in shock.

After getting over the coughing fit the spit take had induced and taking a deep breath he spoke. "There was really only one that wasn't, as you put it, 'fucked up' in some way. My wife Akasha Bloodriver." he answered. Issa's eyes seemed to glaze over as he went into a type of trance, most likely reliving old memories. "She was a remarkable woman, and one of the most beautiful. She was also the most adamant about co-existing with humans." he said. I got a sinking feeling in my gut. "I'll bet a lot of the monsters didn't really appreciate that." I said. Issa just nodded.

"Indeed not, it was actually a short time after Akua arrived that she went missing now that I think about it." he said while he took on a thoughtful look. After a moment where I had already put Akua on my Shit/Hit list right up there with the Covenant, Issa waved his hand side to side as though dismissing a stray thought. "It's probably nothing. The only other thing is that she was Moka's mother." he said at length.

I nodded though noted out of the corner of my eye the saddened look on Moka's face. I made a mental note of that and closed my eyes and attempted to catch a few Z's before I met the rest of the family. A short time later I felt myself being shaken. Of course being me I had to react rather unexpectedly. I grabbed the offending limb in an iron grip, rolled on top of the person and grabbed the Energy Sword from my hip and held it up to the persons face, fingers caressing the

activation button when I heard a feminine eep underneath me. Now confused I opened my eyes and looked into fearful emerald eyes.

Taking in the bubblegum pink hair and the female assets that I was laying on my mind finally shook off the effects of the nap. I removed the Sword from her face and rolled off of her back into my own seat. Issa had a look on his face that screamed that he would have murdered my ass in a very bloody way if I had actually struck down Moka.

After taking a few calming breaths, Moka managed to calm her frantically racing heart enough to squeak out 'We're here'. I simply nodded and waited for them both to exit the limo before doing so myself and getting my first look at Shuzen Castle. It was alright, for a several centuries old stone creation. I had seen far grander structures on the various colony worlds I had been too. Granted they were later destroyed, with the planet right behind the structures but that's besides the point, it's the principle of the matter.

We were greeted in the entrance hall by a pair of women in maid outfits. They were both rather tall at 5'7" and both had blond hair that dropped down to their waists, and pointed ears that poked out from their long tresses. Their faces were regal with sharp sapphire eyes and high cheek bones. Though, what really caught his eye, for a few seconds at least, was the size of their breasts and the amount of cleavage they both displayed and how short the skirts really were.

His inspection complete, he looked back up to their faces as they bowed in unison, allowing him a brief glance down their blouses. "Welcome home Master, Mistress." they spoke in unison, addressing Issa first, then Moka. Though the one on the left gave me a very brief curious glance before returning her attention to the two vampires before them. Issa simply nodded like I figured, Moka on the other hand, smiled at the two women "It's good to be home." she said.

Issa then cleared his throat getting theâ€|Elvesâ€|attentions from his daughter. "Prepare the largest guest room." he said. The two Elves bowed, turned, and walked towards the staircase in the back of the entrance hall. Issa and Moka both took steps forward and I began to follow when my sixth sense screamed at me and I acted. I tackled Moka and rolled with her just as a massive spiked mace slammed into the ground where we were previously standing. As I rolled I regained my footing and drawing and activating the Energy Sword, I placed myself between Moka, who was still on the ground, and our assailant.

My eyes scanned around the room looking for Issa and spotted him standing at the foot of the staircase the two Elves had used. Turning my attention back to the dust cloud as it had begun to clear I was able to start making out an outline. Whatever it was, it was shorter than me, had what looked like glowing red eyes andâ€|ponytails? Suddenly I had a rough idea of who was attacking us. "Moka, describe Kokoa." I said never taking my eyes off of the figure in the dust as it hauled the massive mace out of the ground and turned to face us.

Moka was confused and terrified at being attacked but she complied.

"She's shorter than I am, with orange hair that she keeps in twin ponytails that come off of the sides of her head. She usually wears knee length skirts with a light blouse." she said. I nodded as the dust had finally cleared and I saw our assailant clearly and sighed. If Moka's description was correct, and I had no reason to believe otherwise, then the person who was attacking us was none other than Kokoa herself.

She was exactly how Moka had described her and it appeared that she was done waiting. She charged at us again with her mace raised high above her head and screaming a war cry. I waited till the last moment until she jumped and brought her mace down. I swung my sword and just as it began to bite into the metal of the weapon a small cloud of smoke appeared and a bat of all things appeared squeaking in pain and flopped to the ground.

Kokoa, however was committed and couldn't stop herself. I quickly redirected my blade so that she wouldn't impale herself, caught her by the neck, slammed her onto the ground, and then slammed my blade down right at her throat, pinning her to the ground with the prongs of the blade on either side of her throat. With the threat neutralized for the moment, I turned my attention back to the still prone Moka. I held my hand out to her "Are you alright?" I asked. She nodded as she grabbed my hand and I hauled her to her feet. After dusting herself off she approached the still pinned Kokoa.

I, on the other hand, turned a hard glare onto Issa. Issa simply shrugged "I said she adored the released form." he stated. "We humans call that a Sister Complex, and is followed with the sibling with the Complex wanting to fuck their sister, NOT FUCKING KILL THEM!" I countered. There was a rather loud silence that followed that statement as the implications of what I said sank in. Moka who had been walking towards her sister stopped abruptly and started to scoot away from her with an uneasy look on her face.

It took a moment, but when Kokoa's mind made the connections her face went tomato red and she instantly started spluttering out denials. "I do not!" I turned to her, "Shut up, nobody asked you." I snapped as I returned my attention back to Issa. He was not the least bit fazed by my look and simply turned and walked up the stairs. I watched him walk away as my gaze bore into his back until he was out of sight.

I sighed and turned my attention back to the girl that was pinned under my sword. I was honestly surprised that she hadn't tried to remove it from her neck, though she might have been wary of the blades considering what they had done to her weapon bat thing. That was another thing that needed to be addressed, since when did bats turn into weapons? I would ask someone later, for now I had to set some things straight with the girl currently being pinned with my sword.

I walked over to her and looked down at her for a moment as she looked up at me with a rapidly reddening face, though from embarrassment or anger I didn't know or particularly care. She opened her mouth to, probably, start yelling at me to let her up when I cut her off when I beat her too it. "Alright girly, this is how this is going to work, I don't care if you do or do not want to fuck your sister but so long as I am in this house you are going to be at the very least civil towards this iteration of Moka." I stated. At this

point she looked downright murderous.

"WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE TO ORDER ME AROUND?!" she screamed. I smirked lightly "Your superior." I said simply. She almost literally exploded at that. "***YOU ARE NOT MY SUPERIOR, I AM A VAMPIRE ANDâ€|**" "You would be either dead or dying right now if I had not moved my blade." I said, interrupting her screaming which had sounded like it had taken on a demonic tint. "That was just a fluke." she stated with so much conviction I almost believed herâ€|almost. "Very well, how about we fight tomorrow morning and we can see just how much of a fluke it was." I offered mildly.

She took on a look of intense concentration before she eagerly agreed, no doubt thinking of all the ways she was going to utterly destroy me tomorrow. Reaching down I grabbed the handle of the sword and pulled it from the ground, allowing her to get up off of the floor. I deactivated the blade and made my way to the back of the entrance hall and began to climb the steps before two thoughts occurred to me, the first was where Moka was. I quickly scanned the room and found that it was bare of the pinkette. I shrugged my shoulders, she must have left as I confronted Kokoa. The second and probably more important, was that I had no idea where I was going.

As if she could read my mind one of the elves from before appeared before me. She bowed then spoke "Your room is prepared master." she said. An unpleasant tingle ran down my spine as she said 'master', I just nodded and she led me up the stairs and deeper into the castle. As we walked I couldn't help but admire the construction of the castle.

While the outside of the castle had suggested a European based design, the interior had a distinctly Japanese feel to it. As we walked, I was able to look around at the art that was on display. Epic battles in stark relief, rolling grasslands, and as we turned a corner the wall was dominated by a massive painting of Moka.

She was dressed in a long flowing emerald dress, her long bubblegum pink hair flowing about her shoulders as her emerald eyes glinted with a measure of mischievousness. However, as I continued to look into her eyes, I noticed that behind the mischievousness, there was a deep sadness, an almost undiscernible haunted quality to them. It was at this point that myâ€|guide had noticed that I had fallen behind and came back for me.

"Who is that?" I asked, pointing at the painting. The Elf looked to where I was pointing then sighed sadly. "That is Akasha Bloodriver." she replied. I looked at her then back at the painting. "So this is Moka's mother." I stated, the Elf nodded. I continued to look at the painting for a few moments longer then turned away, motioning the Elf to lead the way. She spared the painting one last look then began walking down the corridor with me behind her.

We walked a little further until we came to a rather ornately carved door, which she pushed open then motioned me forward. I stepped into the room and looked around. My first thought was that it was big, even larger than my dorm room back at the academy. The bed was massive and looked beyond any description of soft. The room itself was rather nicely furnished, containing a desk and chair combination along the wall, a rather plush looking chair next to the bed, a

nightstand with a lamp and clock were next to the bed as well. A dresser stood along the wall as well, though what grabbed my attention back to it was the bed once again.

Now that I could get a better look at it I noticed a few things mostly that it was one of those four-poster type of beds complete with curtains and drapes. It was a most daunting piece of furniture in the room that was for sure. The Elf, and I thought that I had to get her name soon, cleared her throat and when I turned back to her she was bowing. "I hope the room is to your liking, I apologize but it was rather short notice though that is no excuse." she said.

I regarded her for a moment. "What is your name?" I asked. She twitched as though she was surprised by the question. "Riku, Master." she replied. I twitched at the master remark though I shook it off for now. "Riku, I grew up in a rather poor farming community, that bed is probably worth more than all the farming equipment, all the land, and the house that I grew up in combined. This is probably too much." I said as I walked farther into the room with Riku following shortly.

I put my hand on the bed and pressed down to test the softness and it practically swallowed my hand. As I was marveling at the bed I heard a small noise and turned back to Riku who I realized had cleared her throat to get my attention. "If you don't mind me asking Master, what Youkai race are you?" she asked. "I only ask because I cannot feel a taint from you." she elaborated. I raised an eyebrow at that; "Youkai have a taint?" I asked. "Yes Master, it is what made us Elves such great allies with the Humans. We can feel the taint on the various Youkai races, the more powerful the race the more powerful the taint. For example, Master Shuzen has a rather powerful taint, while Mistress Moka has a taint that is mostly locked away but if someone were to fully release it, it would rival Master Shuzen in power and would only grow stronger as she aged." She explained.

"Humans and Elves had an alliance?" I asked. She visibly deflated at the question. "Once, many years ago, though none now live who remember it in its entirety. Almost none of the extremely powerful Youkai races give rise to new members of their races very often, the fact that Master Shuzen has four daughters is, quite frankly, astonishing. This is what made Humanity so appealing to us Elves. We Elves had been in a constant state of war with the various Youkai races since we discovered each other. It seemed like every other day there was a new race on the front lines to combat our warriors." She paused for a second and looked out the window with a far-away look on her face, as though re-living memories.

"At first they were relatively weak, Goblins and the like. Then the more powerful Youkai races were brought into the fight. Orcs, Ogres, Trollsâ€¦ it just kept getting worse and worse, more and more of our warriors were coming home in boxes, and those that didn't return in boxes were horribly disfigured and their eyes had this deep haunted look to them." She turns from the window and looks back at me.

"That's when we discovered Humanity. Well, more like Humanity discovered us. One of our warriors had fled from a battle where there were only a few survivors and was found by a Human woman. She nursed him back to health and when she heard his story, she took him to see her king. The warrior was doubtful that anything would come from the

meeting, Elves had scouted out Humanity as potential allies in the war against the Youkai but had been passed over due to their dividedness and willingness to wage war against their own kind." "I'm going to hazard a guess and say that he was surprised." "Very much so, not only did that king pledge his support but he called a gathering of the other kings to hear his story first hand." A small smile made its way on her lips.

"Everything just snowballed from there, by the end of the week, all the kings who had heard his story had pledged their support and were calling up their armies. They decided amongst themselves that the first king that had pledged his support would lead this Alliance. He recognized the necessity of providing a unified front and came up with a symbol to represent the united humanity. A White Tree with seven stars surrounding it on a black field. The seven stars represented the seven Human kingdoms that pledged their support to the Elven nation, while the tree represented their unity. That even though they may be different of branches, they were still of one race."

"The first battle Humanity participated in was actually one of the closing battles of our war with the Youkai. Our armies were decimated, our cities razed to the ground, our citizens dead, dying, or enslaved. It was to be the last true battle, everything afterwards would have just been the complete extinction of the Elven race. The two sides joined battle and for a time they were evenly matched, however, for every Youkai killed five would take its place. Our forces were beginning to be pushed back, a few had even ran to try and save themselves from the slaughter. They were on the brink of collapse when a third horn sounded on the field. Both sides stopped fighting and turned towards where the horn had sounded. We watched as first, flags and pennants became visible, then the tips of spears and finally, the gleaming polished steel of armored soldiers." she paused to take a breath and, no doubt, to bring more memories up from the recesses of her mind.

"And at the forefront of the very large army, was the Elven Warrior in his golden armor, and the King chosen to lead the war effort in a black tunic with the new crest embroidered on his chest. I was later told that he made a rousing speech about how if the Elves were to fall then the human kingdoms would follow and that if they didn't fight now then they would fight when the monsters threatened their homes. The cheer afterward was deafening, the king drew his sword and lead the charge. A fairly large portion of the Youkai army turned their attention away from us to confront this new threat and we believed that they were doomed. For surely if hardened Elven warriors could easily be cut down then how could mere Humans fare any better. That is when we got our second surprise." she paused again.

"This was during a time that humanity did not vilify witchcraft of any sort, as we watched the humans charge to what we perceived to be their deaths a volley of fireballs, lances, arrows and a plethora of deadly objects and spells slammed into the Youkai ranks. Causing massive amounts of damage and confusion. In the middle of the confusion, the first human soldiers slammed into the disorganized mob that the Youkai army had become from the magical attack. The battle still ended up lasting close to three hours, and many humans were killed, but by the end of it the Youkai had been routed. Never before had we seen a Youkai army routed, maybe a tactical retreat just to return a few hours later with even greater numbers and decimating the

survivors from the first battle." once more she paused. Then let out something like a chuckle.

"To Elves, though we are a magical race by nature, Magic in itself was never really much more than something to amuse children, if anything we treated magic as some type of parlor trick not truly something to be utilized as a weapon or to make our lives better. To see humans using it to obliterate scores of Youkai in a single blast or send a massive flight of arrows to cut down an entire swath of Youkai, was quite intimidating." she paused once more then turned to gaze out the window.

"With humanities aid we drove the Youkai out of Elven lands and back to their own borders. Once we reached them the Elves were mildly content to stop there and rebuild our race, humanity of course would not be stopped and even encouraged the Elves to begin rebuilding our race, telling us that we had done our part and that Humanity would take the reins and finish what we had begun. While the Elves pulled their warriors back from the front and began rebuilding, Humanity pushed deep into Youkai land until finally they arrived at the last stronghold of the Youkai. For three days and nights Humanity laid siege to the stronghold, on the fourth day it was beginning to look like humanity would have to give up the siege. They were at the end of a very long supply line, and the war had dragged on longer than anyone had predicted. But before they did, like had happened so many years before the humans were reinforced by a partially recovered Elven nation." she paused once more as she gathered her thoughts.

"With the fresh reinforcements and supplies they brought with them the combined Elven and Human army finally broke through the gates and walls and stormed the stronghold." here she turned sober and downcast. "Everything changed after that. The strongest of the vampires enacted an ancient and forbidden ritual that would give him immense power in exchange for his intelligence and reasoning. A monster the likes of which had never been seen before broke out of the citadel. Both sides stared at it for a moment and it stared back at them before it opened its mouth and roared. After it roared it laid waste to everything in front of it, Human, Elven, Youkai it didn't matter. Once it decimated all of the armies around the stronghold, it advanced back to the border." she paused again as her voice croaked.

"We didn't stand a chance, the death and destruction it unleashed was like nothing we had ever seen before. The Elven nation was quickly destroyed, our populace enslaved by the Youkai that followed the Demon. The Human alliance quickly disintegrated, most of the kingdoms destroyed and those that weren't were so weak that when the Youkai army following the Demon arrived there was almost no resistance when they attacked. With both Humanities and the Elven armies destroyed, the demon turned on the Youkai and would have laid waste to the entire world if three Youkai hadn't stood up to him." she stopped and looked like she was fighting tears. "Who were these three?" I asked gently.

"Akasha Bloodriver, Tenmei Mikogami, and one that currently lives in China, though I do not recall his name. These three stood up to and fought the Demon eventually sealing it away and earning the title Dark Lord. The rest as they say is history. Humanity was too weak to free the Elves though they did shelter those that managed to escape

to their lands. After the war, Humanity rebuilt but never encountered the Youkai again, they had gone into hiding so that something like The Great War would never happen again. The few Elves who managed to escape the destruction of our nation and subsequent enslavement fully integrated with the Humans. Realizing that if they tried to rebuild their race with the handful that was available they would just eventually give rise to abominations, they eventually fell in love with various Humans and gave rise to Half-Elves. Many of which were great heroes in Human legends and myths. King Arthur, Robin Hood, King Leonidas even some of Humanities most recent heroes and leaders had some Elven blood flowing through their veins. General Patton, General Eisenhower, amongst others." she stopped and I figured that what she had just told me would end up changing quite a few history books if the tale were to be re-iterated to the right people.

'Wellâ€¦ let's give her a surprise.' I thought. "This may come as a shock to you, but I'm human." I said. She whirled around so fast that I thought that A) her breasts would fly out of the top of her dress and B) that she would get whiplash. Neither happened though, and she scrutinized me with a gaze that could penetrate steel. "Yesâ€¦ she said slowly after a moment. That would explain why you have no taint, though you realize that I am obligated to inform Master Shuzen." she said. I waved dismissively "He already knows, he was the one to invite me here." I said. Once again I was treated to the sight of Riku gaping like a fish.

I turned back to the bed and began pulling my armor and coat off. I heard Riku take a step forward then stop as though she was unsure as to what to do. Deciding to try my hand at being imperious I spoke. "Your services are no longer required." I spoke with as much authority as I could manage which admittedly wasn't very much in my own opinion but it must have had an effect on Riku because I heard the rustle of her dress as she straightened then bowed. "I take my leave then Master. I shall return in the morning, until then sleep well Master." she said. She turned and exited my room, softly closing the door behind her.

I sighed as I finished pulling my clothes off, though I left my boxers on. I went into the bathroom and right as I closed the door I noticed my reflection in the full-bodied mirror on the door. The most prominent feature on my body was most definitely the massive scar that went from my right hip up to my left shoulder where there was a massive angry splotch as though someone had taken a pot of molten metal and poured it on my shoulder. Of course when you traced up to my face beyond my hair and eyes there was a plethora of scars mostly old except for four new ones courtesy of Kurumu. When I finished my examination, I took long hot shower, 5 minutes this time then left the bathroom with a towel wrapped around my waist.

I searched through the dresser and managed to find a pair of night pants that would probably fit and wasn't some neon color. Pulling on a fresh pair of boxers and the night pants I walked over to the bed and sat down. The bed was just as soft as I thought it was going to be and more. I fully laid down and a content sigh left my lips. Allowing myself to relax at least somewhat I slipped into unconsciousness; into the waiting arms of my nightmares.

****Author's Note:****** So yeah, it's been forever since I updated this story and I blame my need to read other peoples stories and not work

on my own. Anywhere, this chapter is the longest I have ever written. Not only in overall length, but in actual content. I do apologize though I said at the beginning that we would get to a lot more than we did but well, when I started writing it just kinda flowed into what you just read. From now on, not only in this story but in my others, I'm not going to give you people an idea of what to expect in each chapter, we'll just see how the inspiration strikes me at that time. Rate, review you should know the drill by now. Have fun fuckers! Chow. **

End
file.